JOHN BULL, MAY 29, 1926

Vol. XXXIX. No. 1041

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper,
Postage all over the world, 1d.

THE PRINCE OF POACHERS

by

A.G. GARDINER

Equal to the best in everything but price

Hundred shaves for sixpence

LEVER'S Easy Shaving Stick

Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

1/- NOW

All Sizes
Black or Tan.

MASTERS' NEW BOOT THAT WON'T WEAR OUT LIKE OTHER BOOTS DO.

RYCROME leather soles are waterproof, wear twice as long as ordinary leather, and give you double value for your money. We offer these **RYCROME** Double-Wear Boled Boots in Black or Tan, price 25/-, on simple easy terms which everybody can afford to pay—1/- now, 2/- in ten days, and 4/- monthly, and you have the boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Give these wonderful **RYCROME** boots a trial. Send 1/- (P.O. or stamps) and say what size we shall send you. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. **BOOT LIST FREE.**

MASTERS Ltd., 83, HOPE STORES, RYE

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

I was bald. My hair grew anew, as shown in the portrait. Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using KOTALKO.

Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of KOTALKO may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street (83 H.P.), London, W. 1.

The Completed Puzzle

C	O	N	T	A	C	T		C	A	P	S	T	A	N
O	V	E	R		A	R	G	U	S		P	A	N	E
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B	R	O	W	N		A	S	H		M	U	R	A	T
B	A	R	E		U	S	U	A	L		R	I	G	A
L	I	R	E		S	E	N	N	A		P	O	U	R
E	L	A	P	S	E	D		T	W	I	S	T	E	D

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue. This week's puzzle is in page 6.

THE RAINBOW AFTER THE STORM

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

In Storm and Peace

JOHN BULL *Covers You* FREE!

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID 20,824

What JOHN BULL Gives:

FIRE.

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at registered reader's home.
£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250—or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS in HOME and GARDEN.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.
£300—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.
£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500—or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.
£3 PER WEEK for both or £1 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader.

£353.—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.
£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250—if the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river, or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that, in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer.

WIRELESS BENEFIT.

£10—for damage by lightning to registered reader's Wireless Apparatus including aerials and supports, licensed to and owned by him at his or her private address as registered.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name ..... Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS)
Address .....
.....
Reader's Signature.....
Name and Address of Newsagent.....
.....
Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 29/5/26.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature.....
Address .....
Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 29/5/26.

JOHN BULL
Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/6 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Cash the Coupons

SEE WHAT YOU GET—AND SAVE!

The "John Bull" Pen, with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, worth 15/-
2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, with refills, FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6

You send Six Coupons and p.o. for 4/- (plus 3d. (postage and insurance) 4/-

YOU SAVE 13/6

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Your name Engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

Pocket a Shilling and get a 2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE

Written 2 Years' Guarantee with every Pen.

RUBBERS **Wood-Milne** RUBBERS

This is a Wood-Milne Year for Millions of Boots and Shoes.

Wood-Milne Rubbers are BRITISH MADE

There's nothing like Wood-Milne Rubbers for Comfort, Economy, Refinement and Protection in all weathers. The famous "Thill" adhesive Soles which stick-and-stay-stuck without nails, and the astonishingly durable "Ply-Core" Heel, are fine examples of Wood-Milne quality which save many times their own cost.

SEE YOUR BOOTMAN ABOUT IT.

Wood-Milne

SOLES · HEELS · TIPS

SAVE YOUR NEW FOOTWEAR · RENEW YOUR OLD.

corns!

Why have them?

Why suffer the throbbing, shooting pain of corns, when to remove them with Radox Bath Salts is as simple as ABC? What happens when you dip your foot into a footbath containing Radox Bath Salts is simply this: The dead skin (of the corn) combines with the Radox Bath Salts to form a protein salt of the actual corn itself. This protein salt dissolves in the water like ordinary salt, and so loosens the corn that it can be removed bodily.

Radox does not affect the living skin. It is only the dead skin—the corn—which it dissolves. An enthusiastic user of Radox says:—

*"I owe a debt of gratitude to Radox, which I feel I must acknowledge. I have used Radox Bath Salts regularly for nearly two years. They freed me from corns, **and have kept me free ever since.**"*

Your chemist stocks Radox Bath Salts in two sizes: ½ lb. pink packet 1/6; double quantity 2/6 Do not pay more.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

Draws corns right out—root and all.

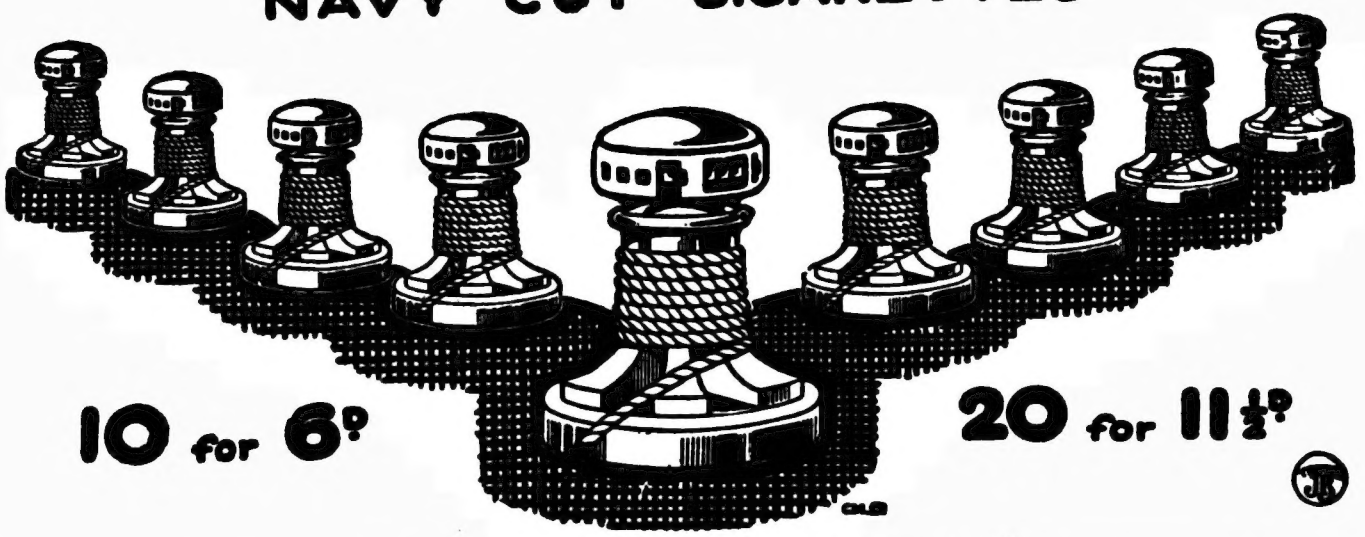
Consistent quality is the secret of their continued popularity

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

MEDIUM

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES



10 for 6d 20 for 11½d

W. D. & H. O. WILLS Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland) Ltd.

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

PAY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 5/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
56 LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

AMAZING VALUE

This Splendid Wristlet Watch. Hallmarked Silver case, fine jewelled movement, with usual H. Samuel guarantee. **7/11**
State Lady's or Gents' size. *Post free*
3,000 money-saving bargains like this in H. Samuel's **FREE BOOK**
POST FREE
Send a pos card for it now. Free Pr ses for all buyers.

H. SAMUEL 100 MARKET ST. MANCHESTER. Ltd.

5.19.6

Carr. paid U.K.
or £1 : 0 down and 11 monthly instalments of 10/3

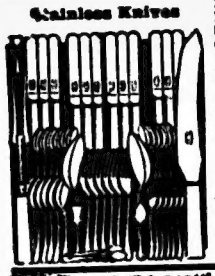
Handsome Cabinet, beautifully Oak finished and possessing an unusually pure tone and great volume. A delight both to eye and ear. One winding plays three records. Write for new Catalogue NOW or examine full range of models at
The Cabinet Gramophone Co.
(Dept. J. . . .2.
73, Camden Rd., Camden Town, N.W. 'Phone North 2230.

"O" Model

FULLOTONE Worth £10

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

Stainless Knives



1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spn, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spn, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which wears white throughout. **50 pieces 50/-** Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, and 5/- monthly, if satisfied.

5/- NOW

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

SEND NO MONEY

Have a world-famous CENTO Cycle on FREE APPROVAL. WE TRUST YOU AND ASK FOR NO DEPOSIT. You approve first and then pay by easy monthly instalments. We supply BRITAIN'S LEADING MAKES on LOWEST EASY TERMS IN GREAT BRITAIN. WRITE NOW for FREE LISTS and choose your CENTO Model.

B.S.A.
RUDGE
ENFIELD
SWIFT
CENTO
From Cash £4 19 6

SEND POSTCARD for our Big BICYCLE BARGAIN LIST. FREE.

CENTO CYCLE CO.
(Dept. J.9), 266, 268, 270, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11.
Props.: Geo. Smith (Clapham Junction), Ltd.

FLOOR COVERING

PER **15/-** ROLL

NO CARRIAGE TO PAY!
Waterproof, Sanitary and DAMP PROOF. Unsurpassed for Stone, Brick and Damp Wood Floors. Rolls 60 sq. ft. 15/- carriage paid. Longer lengths proportionate.

FREE SAMPLES and **NEW COLOUR CATALOGUES** of "ARTOLEUM" and CORK LINO BARGAINS. Call or Write. J. LLOYDS, 103, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1.

BICYCLES

are guaranteed "for all time." Buy one now; you will never need another bike.

There are twenty models from which to choose, every one built throughout in our own Works, and fitted with Dunlop tyres.

Prices from £6:18:6
or 10/6 Monthly.

Send for Free Art Catalogue "D.1."

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO., LTD., REDDITCH.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

SAMPLES FREE

...ST! ...REAL FLOOR COVERING

60 sq. ft. for 15/-

Thicker than Linoleum Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being stainless a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 60 sq. ft. for 15/-; 120 sq. ft. 30/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls are two yards wide.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
20 Carter Street, London, S.W.17.

PAROLEUM

FREEMANS

Celebrated
SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency invited

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

A GUARANTEED RACKET

Direct From Actual Makers

FOR **5/-** DEPOSIT and your pay the balance by twelve weekly instalments of 2/6 or 25/- in all (cash price 20/-), because we want every tennis player to use the Muller

VITIV

OUR GUARANTEE.
We guarantee to make good any breakage to frame or strings during first season's legitimate play, hard or grass courts, or replace racket absolutely free. Call or send 5/- NOW (stating weight) to the *Tennis-Secretary*
MULLER RACKETS,
377, Strand, London, W.C.2
(Illustrated List Free.)

Latest 1926 (super-sports) model. Strung double mains, interlaced top and bottom, White "Corpando Gut" — big brother of the Muller violin strings, world-famous since 1868. Complete guaranteed Restrung 12/6.

100,000 Rugs GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." 29/5/26. On receipt of Postal Order for **12/6** we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brusselette

Real Seamless Woven Guaranteed Genuine Bargains

Carriage 1/- extra

CARPETS

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns & fashionable self shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 400,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Gigantic illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearth-rugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, mentioning "John Bull," 29/5/26, when writing. Established over Half-a-Century.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Rd., City of Leeds.

This 3 Speed Cycle FREE

Send a postcard for details of how to obtain this B & C Cycle absolutely

AT NO COST TO YOU

The famous B. & C. All-British Special 3-speed Model. Guaranteed 20 years. Fitted with B.S.A. 3-speed Gear, Hutchinson Super Cord Tyres, Coventry Roller Chain, B.S.A. Bottom Bracket, Brampton Hubs, 3-coil Spring Saddle, and our own special rust-proof Frame, with usual parts heavily nickel-plated. A number of these wonderful Machines are being given away ABSOLUTELY FREE, and you may be fortunate enough to secure one of these Models. Send for full particulars from Dept. J.B.

BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO. COVENTRY.

FLOOR COVERINGS

Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp proof. Rotproof and Sanitary. Suitable for Wood, Stone, Brick & Concrete Floors. Lies flat without any fastening.

2/- per sq. yard. Carr. Paid to your door.

SEND NOW FOR FREE SAMPLES.

Also Special Rug List containing many Wonderful Bargains.

CHAS. JONES & SON
(Dept. J.B.),
82, TOWER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

We offer you the finest value in the trade.

From **7/6** month

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

FINEST VALUE SEMI-FOLDING BABY-CAR.

The Graves semi-folding Car is the embodiment of Lightness, Strength and Comfort. It has Tubular Handle & Steel Frame enamelled Black, well padded seat & adjustable back, draught-proof sides, and stout leather safety strap. Upholstered in best quality Navy Blue leather cloth. Ten-inch wheels, fin wired-on rubber Tyres. Price **32/-**

4/- NOW

Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 4/- Balance in 7 monthly payments of 4/- if satisfied. Money back in full if you are at all disappointed

WRITE for CATALOGUE.
Folding Prams & Baby Carriages. Finest value in trade

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

STRIKE NEWS

We've Received by over 20,000 of our Satisfied Customers LET US SUPPLY YOU ON THE SAME TERMS Send us 5/- and we will send you a Super Crystal Set, a Pair of our World-Famed, 4,000 ohms, Ecsallalite Headphones, Aerial Outfit and Daventry Coil. If perfectly satisfied, you send a further 5/- on receipt of list and 5 monthly payments of 5/-. Phones only 14/6. 1/- deposit and 1/- monthly. De Luxe Ecsallalite Lond'n'er, 27/6. 2/- deposit and 2/- monthly. 3-Valve Sets, £5 5s. 5/- deposit and 10/- monthly. 5-Valve Sets, £7 15s. 10/- deposit and 12/- monthly.

5/- DEPOSIT. *Catalogue (Summer Prices) Now Ready.*
THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.

BLADDER-WEAKNESS PARKER'S REMEDY

has been advertised in "John Bull" for years and during that time has cured MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD of this distressing complaint. PARKER'S REMEDY is the finest medicine ever discovered for Bladder Weakness, Acute Kidney Trouble, Lumbago, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc., etc. HARMLESS but EFFECTIVE. 8/- per bottle, at Boots, Taylors, etc., or post free from the Proprietors, **Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James Street, Liverpool.**

Send at once 4d. stamps for sample lot.

3/- NOW GETS A GOLD MEDAL QUADRANT

Write for our Free Lists of GOLD MEDAL Cycles, and buy direct at money-saving prices. Any machine sent on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL. CARRIAGE PAID. Biggest and best bargains ever offered. Thousands of testimonials.

Quadrant Cycle Co. COVENTRY.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's, Warehouse, 43, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade free. Worth pounds, valuable hints. Make money selling Prints, Towels, Tabling, Travellers' Samples, etc. Send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

RETAILERS seeking bargains in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc., write for free Illus. Cat. to S. Mosco, Dept. J.B., 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for Drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency. — See Large Advert., page 4.

EARN £2 . . £5 weekly.—Run a Bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free. —Carlisle Mills Co., 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS wanted to sell Baby Cars; commission up to 30 per cent.; cash or credit; 50 fine models.—Apply, Heritage Peters Advtg. Service, Midland Bank Chambers, Coventry.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN? It's a healthy job—and a well-paid one, with fine prospects." This was the advice given to a man who was dissatisfied with his earnings and could see no future. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Why not let Mr. Wallace Attwood train you? Salesmanship is the one job in the world which will help a square peg to leave a round hole and better himself. Salesmanship is the big profession of to-day. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19s, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com. — J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

The MOTOR INDUSTRY NEEDS TRAINED MEN—Drivers, Salesmen, Demonstrators, Mechanics, Chauffeur-Mechanics, and Fitters. Let the British School of Motoring quickly train YOU for a well-paid job. The best equipped school in London. Introductions to positions free of charge. Lowest fees.—Call or write, British School of Motoring, Ltd., Head Office, 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

£150-£700 salary for Certified Bookkeepers. Postal Tuition, 10/- monthly. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, Testis., Prize Scheme free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

THE definite offer of a position as Selling Representative is guaranteed for every successful student of FIVE WEEKS' training in Salesmanship. Tuition includes PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS, and we have a waiting list of employers. Call or write for full particulars. —SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 56, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.; and at Manchester and Glasgow.

WONDERFUL PROFITS IN SWEETS.
Lessons personally or by mail; new system quickly and easily learnt; practically no outlay. £5 to £10 per week can be made, spare time, supplying shops. 2d. stamp particulars.—LIBERTY CANDY CO., Summit House, Langham Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

YOUR FUTURE—HOW TO MAKE IT SECURE

is the title of a wonderful book, illustrated in colour, that comes to you free and post free. This book will show you the way out of the job that leads to nowhere; it will enable you to get out of the rut and secure a safe, well-paid position. You will be able to save money and to look forward to retirement from business at an age when you can still enjoy the benefits derived from your hard but well-paid work. There is nothing to pay for this remarkable book, which has literally helped thousands of men to well-paid jobs. There is no obligation in sending a postcard asking for a copy of "Your Future—How to Make it Secure." Write to-day. — The Russell-Hart Co., Ltd., 136, Goschen Buildings, Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

ROYAL MARINES.—BE A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR TOO.—Young Men are required for enlistment in the Royal Marines. Age 17 to 23 years. Good pay. All found. Excellent chances of promotion.—Apply by letter to the Director of Naval Recruiting, 55, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

25 BOYS wanted monthly for Queensland farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages.—Write or call, O/8, Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; Papers covering Wales, 3/8. Many others. Prospectus.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London. 'Phone: City 0842.

BUILD YOUR OWN BUSINESS without Buying Stock. Write for booklet.—Noble Bros., Pelham Street, Nottingham.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage. —Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

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BALLOONS for Advertisement, Racing, Fetes, etc., also Carnival Goods. Lists free.—"UNEEDUS," 108, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

NOW FOR TENNIS!—For a good game, get a good racket—one of the best can be had for 5/- down, guaranteed by the makers, who are famous for their products. (See announcement of Muller Rackets on opposite page.)

FILM STAR POSTCARDS.—The Bonanza Packet of 100 high-class photogravure picture postcards of old and new film favourites, all different, price 3/-, post free, is a wonderful bargain.—The Picturegoer Salon, 23, Endell Street, Long Acre, London.

FREE PRIZES FOR ALL. *JOHN BULL* READERS.—Be sure and send for your copy of H. Samuel's Big Book. It's quite free and crammed full of money-saving Bargains like the article illustrated at top of page 4. (See this advt for address.)

NEURITIS

Something New for this Distressing Malady.

Read this and act on what you are here told; it may be the best day's work in your life. Are you a sufferer from Neuritis, Arthritis, Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc.? You may have suffered so for some years and also spent money and tried many remedies with little or no success. Will you try at no cost a home remedy which is neither a drug nor a medicine, but a simple tropical herb which you prepare just like ordinary "tea," and drink once or twice a day? The remedy is agreeable and effective and you

"Feel the Benefit Almost at Once"

—not what I say, but what people tell me daily in their letters. For example, a well-known Scottish peeress, Lady E—, recently wrote me:—"*People have been so struck with the marked change in me (this lady had been crippled for several years through Rheumatism) that I have had to give away three of the packets, and I am now sending for six more.*" I have received similar letters from Public Officials, Naval and Military Officers, Clergymen, Professional Men and persons in all ranks of life. You need Risk No Money to prove for yourself the Genuineness of this remedy, and I particularly ask you to write to me if you have failed so far to get relief. Simply write and send me a stamp for reply, and I will send you a trial quantity of Herrea free of charge. If you feel you are getting benefit you can have a further quantity at a small charge. The Secret of the virtue of this plant is that it Expels Uric Acid from the System, and also Prevents Further Acid Deposits Accumulating. Other chemical and drug remedies relieve for the time being, but they fail in this all-important result. Write to-day—the cost is nothing, and you may never regret doing so; in fact, it may prove "a long good-bye to Neuritis."

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I have for years suffered with Rheumatism and also Neuritis; could not move about nor raise my hand to my head. I have had to keep to my bed for months at a time. A friend living at Coalpit Heath persuaded me to try Herrea. He gave me a small quantity to try, which I followed up by taking three more packets. I am now very much relieved, if not cured, and am able to go about my duties. I strongly recommend all sufferers from Rheumatism or Neuritis to give Herrea a trial, feeling sure it would be to their benefit.—Yours truly,

E. F. (Mrs.). 29/1/26.

Address: Mr. H. LEE, Colonial Importer, (Dept. 397), 37, Red Lion Street, London, W.C.

P.S. *I am an ordinary "business man," not a vendor of patent medicines, and I know from my own personal experience that the product now offered is MOST EFFECTIVE FOR NEURITIS. As the selling of this product is distinct from my regular business, please mark your envelope "HERREA."*

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, Gramophones, Jazz Outfits, Banjos, Accordions, Ukuleles. List Free.—Palmers, 135, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro.

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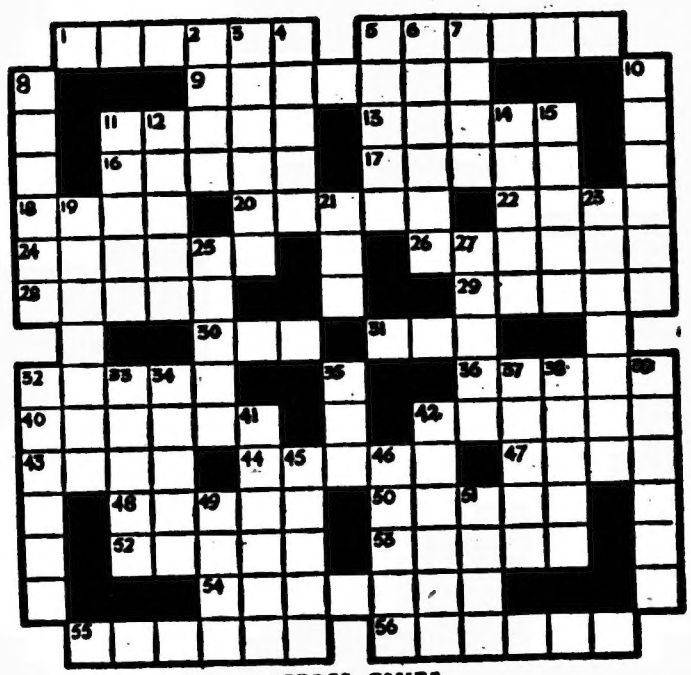
Educative Amusement



DOWN CLUES

2. Heroic poem.
3. Rolled up.
4. Used in boots.
5. Reptile.
6. Decorates.
7. Stump of tree.
8. Scotch stew.
10. Slang for tool.
11. Share.
12. Below.
14. Inscription.
15. Boy's name.
19. N. American Province.
21. Entreat.
23. Inactivity.
25. At no time.
27. To make reparation.
32. Method of cooking.
33. Grown up.
34. Bird.
35. Kind of lettuce.
37. Tree.
38. Exhausted.
39. Colour.
41. Expanded metaphor.
42. Domestic utensils.
45. Province of Germany
46. Eat away.
49. Part of a church.
51. Flippant.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Deprived of.
2. Helmet.
9. Meaning.
11. Measure of paper.
13. A savage animal.
16. Relative.
17. Furious.
18. Sound.
20. Composition.
22. A small branch.
24. Purpose.
26. Alkaline liquid.
28. Gaze.
29. Doctrine.
30. A creek.
31. A card game.
32. Draw up.
36. Obnoxious.
40. Equestrians
42. Scottish water sprite.
43. Belonging to you.
44. Famous Norwegian dramatist.
47. A great quantity.
48. South American animal.
50. To mature.
52. Slightly warm.
53. Manifest.
54. Slim.
55. Shelter.
56. Think highly of.

The solution to last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 2.

Your best pal's best pals

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& PUPPY BISCUITS

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Look always for the name Spratts on the bags, and see that every biscuit bears the trade mark X. It is your only guarantee of a quality that has never been surpassed—that will never be equalled.

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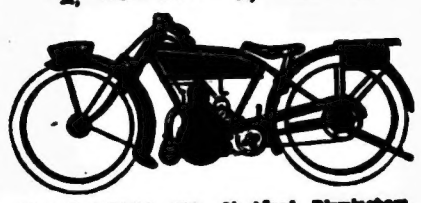

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If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send the attached coupon to-day, and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in the free coupon below, and post it to-day. It is well worth your time, whether you try our Appliance or not.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and our prices are so reasonable, our terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending the free coupon to-day.

Please remember we send our Appliance on Trial to prove what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the free coupon below and post it to-day.

Don't take our word for it—
Read what these people say:

Well Adapted for the Purpose.

Glenicle, Staffin, Skye.

I feel it my duty to write to you to say what great benefit I have derived from wearing it. It is so comfortable and so well adapted for the purpose that one is not conscious of the fact that he is actually wearing a belt.

I have found it so excellent in every way that I procured similar belts for several friends, and they are all loud in their praises of it, and, like myself, they will continue to use it.

You are quite at liberty to use both my testimonial and name, and I shall always recommend your Appliance to any one who I know is in need of such, as your Appliance deserves every praise.—I remain, yours faithfully,

ALEX. M'LEOD.

Cured in 7 Months.

Lissett, Lowthorpe, E. Yorks.

I am completely cured, and have not worn your Appliance for a year. I have been in the Army eight months, and have not felt my rupture, so I can truly say that after wearing your Appliance for seven months I am completely cured. I have advised my friends who have the same trouble to try the same. You may use this as you like.—Thanking you for my cure, yours truly,

HARRY MARSHALL.

Boy Cured—also Grandfather, 81.

Gaugh, Cabrach, by Rhynie, Banffs.

I must say your Appliance has proved the greatest comfort to our boy. He is perfectly cured, and does not need it now, and we cannot thank you enough. Also, his grandfather, 81, is cured, and can also do without the Appliance. You can use this as a testimonial.

ALEX. GORDON.

Comfortable and Happy—Cured.

Jura Forest, Jura, Argyll.

Dear Sir,—I am writing to let you know how comfortable and happy I have been ever since I started to wear your wonderful Appliance. I can get about my work without the least inconvenience; and when I think of what I suffered whilst wearing a truss, I cannot speak too highly of your excellent invention. I am now completely cured.

You have my permission to use my letter, and I should be very pleased if it should be the means of helping to convince any poor sufferer of the benefit and comfort to be derived through wearing your Appliance. (Mrs.) DUNCAN CARMICHAEL.

Made a New Woman of Me.

127, Manchester Road, Clifton, Manchester.

Can honestly say the Appliance has made a new woman of me, as I have not been troubled by my rupture since wearing it. It has acted like a miracle, as I had no pleasure in life, and only wish I had sent for it earlier. Will strongly recommend it. My friend also finds it a wonderful invention. We thank you with all our hearts for easing our suffering. Make whatever use you like of this letter. (Mrs.) E. VALENTINE.

Straightforward Dealing.

Ashley Grange, Bellshill, Lanarkshire.

Having worn your Appliance for 14 months, I think it my duty to acknowledge that it has given great satisfaction. It causes no pain or inconvenience, and I would not be without it. I can do my work with ease. I must thank you for the kindness and straightforward manner you dealt with me. Shall do all in my power to recommend you to friends around me who suffer from rupture. You can make what use you like of my letter, and I shall be only too pleased to answer any letters from those who would like to know about the Appliance. A. BROWN.

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (387D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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(Please write plainly)

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In Red Packets 20 for 1/- 10 for 6d

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On Other Pages—

The Answer's a Lemon! by the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy ("Woodbine Willie") p. 17

A Big Bluff Called ... ... p. 12
Counsel's Tribute to "John Bull" ... p. 13
Bang Goes Mrs. Bottoms! .. .. p. 14
Ambrose the Artful ... ... p. 16
Nine Years of Agony ... ... p. 16
The Great Axham Myth ... ... p. 22
The Blockheads' Blockade ... . p. 19

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Our Duty.

A clash without a smash—Britain has won through its crisis. Let there be a future without vindictiveness and a common effort to make good the damage.

Better Than We Feared.

The cost of the general strike to the Government will be about three-quarters of a million. The loss to individual workers is incalculable. And all for—what?

Realisation.

Between four and five million sterling is what railwaymen have lost in wages. A good bit of help to the miners could have been spared from that sum. Now the door is locked, after the horse has been stolen.

The Power Behind.

When the true history of our black nine days is written, it will be found that Mr. Philip Snowden played a vital part. We are convinced that it was he who brought Mr. J. H. Thomas to see the hopelessness of the affair, after which it was as good as over. Snowden snookered the extremists.

Forward Again!

With a social cataclysm no longer looming and an immediate need for many products, everybody in trade and industry ought now to be ready to go ahead with hope and vigour. But all depends on coal.

End the Stoppage.

While the coal settlement drags, hopes wilt. For heaven's sake why not bring the same good will to bear as ended the general strike? It's the only way.

Keep It Up.

In the first week after publication 48,937 copies of the Coal Commission report were sold. There must be no slackening of public interest. Public opinion is the basis on which a lasting settlement will come.

The Screw that Twists.

If Baldwin had had a free hand, he could have averted the general strike. If he had a free hand now, he could settle the coal problem. But he was and is hampered in the Cabinet by the pugnacity of Churchill and the hard business minds from Birmingham.

Honour the Dead.

The two safety men, William McGeachie and Thomas Alexander, trapped behind the fire zone in Blackhill Colliery, fell at their post of duty. It's a timely reminder. Coal-getting at 1,300 feet below the surface is always heroes' work, and no mining agreement can overlook the fact.

A Lass and a Lack.

Scores of Whitsun weddings arranged in colliery districts are declared "off" for the present. Strikes strike the home first. The fondest of lovers can't set up house on air.

The Strength of Popularity.

Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Baldwin's reputation for strength received such impetus from the strike that he might now venture on taking firmer hold on the reins of Government. Let him begin by sacking Austen, who is a national danger; after which he might look for a better debt-collector as Chancellor.

March and May.

To the French debt bargainer in May Churchill offered a firm attitude, not the yielding hand he offered the Italian envoy who came ready to sign a cheque in March. There is a year to run before the next Budget, and "cash down" is not so urgent a need.

Waiting on the Franc.

With the franc at hardly a seventh of its normal value, the Treasury, as a matter of fact, takes philosophically the chronic haggling of France over her debt to us. When her currency is worth more, France will find the Treasury's attitude stiffer.

Wonderful Britain.

The crisis actually raised the prestige of Britain abroad. For the first time since the war the pound got level with the dollar. The self-control and efficiency of the whole nation filled Americans with admiration—and really staggered the French!

Back to the Ballot.

"Direct action" is at a discount in the Labour Party. To fight a Government is not possible, and if you have the Government with you there is no need to fight. On big things the one and only weapon is the Parliamentary vote.

Not Before Time.

Mr. Baldwin promises that before the summer recess a Bill giving effect to the Food Commission's recommendation of penalties for short weight will be passed. It's good news for the poor—the worst sufferers from this mean form of theft.

Bogus Bookmakers.

The betting tax looks like making things very difficult for the bogus bookie; and we are glad to see that the football swindler, against whom we have waged a long and relentless war, is likely to meet his Waterloo.

World's Greatest Free Insurance Gift
For Benefits see page 2

The Reason.

It is the popular belief that M. Péret visited us for the purpose of arranging war payments. His main object was to secure the £53,000,000 of French gold held by the Bank of England in order to stabilise the franc. Paying up seems to be quite a secondary consideration so far as Britain's debtors are concerned.

Look Ahead!

Sir Robert Horne shows wisdom in refusing to look anywhere but ahead, and his stressing of the fact that high production is the open sesame to trade success is more necessary at the moment than ever it was before. If the will to work is there, we are capable of winning through with flying colours.

How It's Done.

Factories once roaring with munition making now hum with stocking, blouse and dress manufacture. Post-war experiments have proved that the same process that makes powder will produce artificial silk. That's how unemployment will be solved by disarmament.

Uncle Sam Smiles.

American bricklayers' wages are three times as high as those obtaining here. Yet building costs in London are as high as in America's biggest cities. The Yanks attribute it to the antiquated methods of British builders. It's worth looking into.

Wealth *is* Made.

During 1924-25 thirteen deceased persons left between them £27,123,000. In the same period over a million men and women were driven to poor relief to keep soul and body together. Money should go round, not be stacked up in heaps.

One Woman's Will.

The first motion of the first woman elected to Chertsey Council was simply "That more houses be erected." It was carried, as could only be expected. Men know that women know where the shoe pinches.

Southend's Good Deed.

The blind at Southend are to have free tram passes. Why not in every town? The cost is less than nothing compared with the comfort that it would bring to this deserving class.

Our Record.

Twelve thousand murders in a single year in the United States against Great Britain's 140 is giving America furiously to think. It points to the British as a law-abiding people, and one fortunate in its police.

Food Horrors.

In a filthy building, with dirty knives on an unclean block, in Lawns Lane, Hunslet, Robert Frown, a Middleton butcher, cut up into joints the meat he sold from his travelling butcher's shop. The fines he has had to pay for his neglect to safeguard the health of his customers amounted to £14. Soap comes cheaper.

A Bricklayer Hustles.

The solution of Blackburn's housing problem is now in sight. H. Leach, one of the town's bricklayers, has shown how slums can be cleared and the moral menace of overcrowded houses done away with by laying no fewer than 980 bricks in forty-eight minutes. A lead to labour, and a leader the municipality must encourage.

Sportsmen All.

One pleasant story of the recent strike has been called round the world. At Plymouth there was a rollicking football match between a team of strikers and an eleven chosen from the extra police drafted into the district to preserve law and order. These are the incidents worth remembering, amid so much that it is best to forget.

Importance of being Somebody.

Quite a number of men have been sent to prison for spreading false and malicious statements during the strike, but few of them chanced to be big-wigs. Councillor Horace Gillison, of Granby Street, Bethnal Green, who libelled the Welsh Guards, was let off with a fine. We don't like such differentiation.

Wise Spending.

The Nottingham Education Committee is organising summer camps for boys and girls attending the local elementary schools. It is to be hoped the scheme will escape the lynx eye of Lord Eustace Percy, who would no doubt regard it as wanton extravagance. Actually it is the truest economy. Health is wealth.

Real Strike-breakers.

Hats off to the Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates who drove trams and 'buses at Hull and took their coats off to unload foodstuffs. Many of them thought of the children in the homes of the men called off work and handed the wages paid to them to the wives. Practical humanity is a rare help to the cure of workers' grievances.

Tragic Ignorance.

"Appalling ignorance prevails among the young women of to-day in regard to motherhood," says Alderman F. Thornton, chairman of a Yorkshire Maternity and Child Welfare Committee. This is a convincing reason why the facts of life should be taught to those whose destiny it is to be mothers. False delicacy which imperils future generations is a real menace.

Their Good Deed.

When, owing to the great strike, the Braille newspaper, the *Weekly Summary for the Blind*, for the first time in thirty-four years, failed to appear, women came to the rescue. Under the supervision of the editor they brought it out triumphantly. It's one up to the sex.

Juvenile Derelicts.

Officially admitted that a large number of the situations in which boys and girls are placed by juvenile employment bureaux are of the *cul-de-sac* type, the failure of the system and its gravity compel attention. The jobs lead to nowhere, and for many of the victims of the system life's prospects close when they approach what ought to be the threshold of their careers. Statesmanship must solve this problem of wasted lives.

A Father's Choice.

"I could not see my wife and children starve," piteously pleaded John Jones, a Halton ex-Service man, when he was charged with theft, "and there was nothing else for it." He had risked his life for his country, but was without work, and he was refused a task job at the workhouse. On four mornings his child had to go hungry to school. Only themselves know how the workless suffer.

Sabotage.

During the strike an entrance was forced into the weaving shed of Messrs. Slater Bros., at Wellhouse Mill, Barnoldswick, and damage done to 114 warps in the looms. There had been no dispute at the mill and no provocation of any kind, which goes to prove that those who try to make industrial trouble are foes of the workers.

The Bitter Truth.

After six months' detention in Durham Jail, Thomas Harker, a one-legged ex-Service man, smashed the chief warder's windows and was sentenced to a further two months. This second term expired, he repeated the exploit, and is again back in jail. The truth seems to be that this unhappy cripple prefers the rigours of prison life to unemployment outside. More's the shame.

A Victim of Progress.

Several hundred houses have been condemned in the Hulme district of Manchester, which will ultimately be to the welfare of the inhabitants. But one man will suffer. He is James Moffat, of 34, Bedale Street, who has been knocker-up in the condemned area for twenty-five years! He has a widowed mother to keep, and has no immediate prospect of another job. His case deserves sympathetic consideration by employers in the district.

Saving Knowledge.

Countless thousands of women parade the pavement edge in great cities seeking the necessities of life by casual immorality. Home life's decay, pernicious literature, and wicked films are amongst the causes Canon Sinkey, at Manchester, held to be responsible for the moral cancer. Nearer the truth he was, however, in suggesting that the concealment of sex knowledge from the young exposes them to the peril of a mystery experience.

The Human Machine

The Fighters

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

I HAVE a calendar on my desk, one of those calendars that not only undertake to tell you the date, but cheer you up each day by some wise remark.

"Life," it tells me to-day, "is a campaign and not a battle."

That, it seems to me, is a useful thing for those to ponder who are always complaining that they are getting the worst of it in "the battle of life."

There is a vast difference between a campaign and a battle. The battle is the culmination of the campaign, and on the skill and care with which the campaign has been prepared depends the outcome of the battle.

There are a lot of people who never give a thought to planning their lives, who never think ahead, never try to foresee the result of their actions, never try to foresee difficulties with the object of avoiding them.

Then when Life gives them a smack in the eye they whine and call themselves "martyrs." In nine cases out of ten it's their own fault. They plunge into the battle without the preparation of a well-planned campaign.

If people will persist in sitting still and holding out their heads, saying to Life, "Please punch hard!" Life will always cheerfully oblige!

I PREFER the man who says to Life: "Oh, you propose to punch my head, do you? We'll see about that!" And he proceeds to pick up Life by the scruff of the neck and shake it and get out of it exactly what he wants!

There are plenty of such people. Every "self-made" man has treated Life like this. Every man who wants to make himself can do so. My calendar is very wise. "Use not the word 'impossible,'" it says.

Giving a Lift.

"The canker-worm of the poor-law system has been the maladministration of out-relief," declares Mr. Rennison, the vice-chairman of the Blackburn Guardians, "and the evil of to-day is a prodigality and recklessness the nation cannot bear." Yet it is to the nation's benefit that those who have the ambition to help themselves, but have not the opportunity for doing so, should not be denied a helping hand.

Heroes All.

In the midst of the general paralysis of industry just passed through, a fire broke out in the centre of London's danger zone. In Monkwell Street, Cripplegate, flames roared fiercely, but the Whitecross Street firemen arrived, and no lives were lost. For that London thanks the men who are ever to be found faithful at their posts.

Swallowed Savings.

"The tragedy of the case," said the Registrar of the Leicester Bankruptcy Court, during the public examination of John Garland, a local grazier, "is that the life savings of a farm labourer, over £500, have gone into the rapacious pockets of money-lenders." The saving of the money was a miracle; its loss a scandal. A drastic new Moneylenders Bill should have been law long ago.

Lascar Loyalty.

There are "white men" with black skins. It was almost certain doom to descend the hold of the s.s. *Malda*, in the face of poisonous gas fumes, to rescue a dying ship's officer. The hero, who perished in this splendid attempt, was a Lascar seaman named Tozomball, to whom the Royal Humane Society has posthumously awarded its bronze medal. Valour knows no colour bar.

Generosity Pays!

We think the Government would be wise not to insist upon the letter of the law with reference to the Unemployment Insurance Act in the case of out-of-work strikers. To deprive these men of the "dole" for six weeks is, of course, legally justifiable; but now that union funds are not at their disposal, a generous gesture might be made.

A Miracle of Reality.

A husband and wife, living in Jersey, learned by wireless that their daughter had met with an accident. They set out by flying-boat to Southampton, changed into an Imperial Air special, and less than two hours afterwards landed at Croydon. Forty-five minutes later they arrived at their destination at Hounslow, to find that the child's condition had improved. Truly the miracle of yesterday is the commonplace of to-day.

The Pluck of Woman.

When Frederick Smith, a twenty-two-year-old burglar was discovered hiding in a wardrobe in her studio, Lady Birkett held the fellow securely although he kicked her on her legs and arms, and also kicked and bit a man who came to her assistance. Eventually he was overpowered, and at West London Police Court was sentenced to one month's hard labour. It seems a light sentence for attempted robbery accompanied with such savagery.

A Futurist Advocate.

There was a certain feminine simplicity about the plea of Miss Stevenson, a woman barrister at the Old Bailey, that a schoolmaster named Archibald Eyles, ultimately sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for passing worthless cheques, should be "treated as a sick man and not as a criminal." Nevertheless, there was force in the contention. The future will see vast developments in the medical treatment of crime.

War Hero's Bad Luck.

William Poole, of Kirkdale, Liverpool, was badly gassed in the war and discharged with a weekly pension of £1 7s. 10d. His old job as a docker was offered to him, but the work was too heavy. His pension was then reduced to 12s. 8d. a week, but he managed to eke this out with casual employment. Now, after a long period of unemployment, Poole is faced with imprisonment for being 23s. in arrears with his rates. A sad case of a war hero dogged by bad luck.

All in a Name.

Is the adjective "Cheshire" as applied to cheese a descriptive trade term, or is it intended to indicate the manufacturing locality? Much so-called Cheshire cheese comes from Holland, and we think the protest of the British delegates to the International Dairy Congress, held lately in Paris, was justified. No cheese is Cheshire cheese unless it comes out of a Cheshire factory, and to label any other thus is an impudent imposture.

An Elastic Scale.

When the Carmarthen Town Council was approached by a business club for permission to construct a bowling-green in Carmarthen Park, ground was offered at a nominal rental of £1 1s. per annum with a twenty-one years' lease. But when a working man's club desired to construct tennis-courts the case was different. A rental of £15 a year was asked, the lease to be renewed annually! It would be interesting to have the council's explanation of this elastic scale.

A Pistol Frolic.

A motor-car and a loaded revolver are two of the most dangerous toys imaginable in the hands of a drunken man. Fortunately, the car was stationary, but when spoken to by a policeman, Horace Wroughton, of Sutton-in-Ashfield, brandished the revolver in tipsy bravado. The young man may think himself lucky to have been bound over and not to have been more severely punished. As we have frequently pointed out, the careless handling of firearms is an acute public danger.

The Law's Weakness.

Man's inhumanity, and the law's, have made Esther Lowther, of Durham, what she is at twenty-four. A monster in man's form wronged her when she was but a child. At fourteen Esther was a mother, and, because she deserted the child she could not keep, the law sent her to jail. With the brand upon her she has been passing for ten years in and out—without faith, without hope, and with courage ever weakening. In her case the law's cure course had left nought but wreckage—but is it yet too late?

Against Themselves.

It is poor news that girls between thirteen and fourteen are refusing to attend classes organised at Hull by the Ministry of Labour to give them vocational training to equip them for specialised work. Worse to know that a training school opened some time ago has found it necessary to close its doors in the mornings because the girls won't get up in time. Children in their teens should still be under parental control, and only fools are content to let their youngsters face the world without training. What are the parents doing about it?

A Coroner Protests.

Heroic but unavailing was love's sacrifice when fire broke out at the home of George Payne, a 'bus conductor on strike, at Wyburn Cottages, Speedwell Road, Deptford. From an upper window Mrs. Payne threw her baby safe into the arms of a neighbour and then perished with two other children she rushed back to save. The father also lost his life in gallant attempts at rescue. No wonder Dr. Whitehouse used strong words at the inquest. Fourteen years ago he condemned these back-to-back hovels as unfit for human dwellings. Is it too much to hope that the blood of these lost heroic martyrs will plant the seed of better things?

A Gallant Effort.

"Bob," an Airedale belonging to Mr. Wilmot Fowler, musical director of the pier at Clacton-on-Sea, was swept from the sea wall by a wave, and so heavy were the breakers that it was beyond his power to gain the shore. Ted Bollingbroke, twenty-two, of Ellis Road, jumped fully clothed to the rescue of the dog; but while drawing the animal towards the shore the gallant fellow was himself dashed against the stonework, which badly injured his shoulder. He was rescued by means of a rope, and artificial respiration had to be resorted to. Luckily, "Bob" also was saved by a boatman. Bollingbroke is a brick!

A Warning.

Children are sending to JOHN BULL lists of motor-car numbers which they have collected in the streets, under the impression that we are offering prizes for them. We have previously had occasion to deny our association with any such scheme, and should we trace the person falsely using our name in this connection drastic measures will be adopted. Such a competition is reprehensible, involving as it does danger to the lives of the children.

Costly Kindness.

Finding a stray dog, lame and starving, Gordon Winslow, of Hayfield, Derbyshire, took it to his home. He washed it, fed it, and attended to its sore feet, afterwards trying to find a suitable home for it. Because he failed to notify the police of the matter he was brought up at New Mills Police Court and fined 5s. 6d. Meanwhile nobody claimed the dog and the police had it destroyed. It seems scandalous that this kindly youth should have been penalised for his humane and laudable act towards a suffering, dumb animal.

Lifting a Legacy.

When Hubert Kenway Collen, thirty-five, a traveller, had spent his legacy of £500 left him by his grandfather, he cast covetous eyes on that of his younger brother. By forged transfer he succeeded in securing more than half of it before being arrested. The Old Bailey Recorder postponed judgment till June on learning that Collen had been offered work in Australia, saying he would then endeavour to put the prisoner on probation if the colony would have him. A lucky get-out for so mean and despicable a theft. To rob one's own brother is the meanest thing out.

Watch Wangle.

A gentleman who resides at Lower Clapton complains that J. A. Davis and Co., of 26, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, S.E. 5, are threatening to take legal proceedings with regard to a watch which they supplied on seven days' approval. Our reader declares that he returned the watch by registered post immediately as it was unsatisfactory. We advise him to ignore J. A. Davis and Co.'s letters, as this firm's violent methods have been exposed by us on more than one occasion.

A Prolonged Silence.

The *British Sporting Times*, of 45, Old Cattle Market, Ipswich, which is not to be confused with the *Pink 'Un*, is apparently very busy. At any rate it does not seem to be able to find time to attend to its correspondence. Following a complaint from a Welsh reader, who had acted as agent for the paper in a football competition, we wrote to ask for an explanation of the matter. Our letter was ignored and three subsequent reminders have been treated with the same stony silence. This is unsatisfactory in a paper which calls itself "sporting."

Spare Time Wealth (?)

The sellers of secrets that will enable one to grow wealthy in one's spare time are legion. One of the latest in the field is F. Sydney, of 3, Vincent Villas, Vincent Road, London, N.15. His method is to advertise in the Press for a "Smart go-ahead youth . . . 35s. to 45s." Applicants are informed that spare-time work will earn the sums advertised or full time will earn £5 a week and over. F. Sydney is "reluctantly compelled to make a small fee of 10s. 6d." Smart, go-ahead youths should be equally reluctant to part with their cash for such a vague proposition.

"Steve's" Derby Winner

You will find it in the "Gentle Grafter," a thrilling tale of the Derby written by Steve Donoghue, the second instalment of which appears in "The People" next Sunday.

Problems of Life

Woman's Chance

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

OPINIONS differ concerning the worth of the possession of the Parliamentary franchise as applied to women. Before long the women voters of this country will far outnumber the men.

Dr. Jacks

Many persons profess to see a peril to our national stability in this fact, especially as so large a proportion of the voting strength of both sexes is in the hands of mere boys and girls.

Twenty-one is too low an age for the exercise of the full responsibilities of citizenship.

The same is true in regard to our industrial troubles. Cool heads are seldom on young shoulders, and it is hot heads that are readiest to force hasty and hazardous decisions.

But, on the whole, if sane and gracious counsels are to prevail in our national affairs in a time of crisis, I would rather trust the women than the men, for, as a rule, they are more realistic: they see better what is at stake.

Women are slower to quit a secure standing-ground than men, less inclined to take big risks. This might be a disadvantage in normal times, but not in abnormal.

WE greatly need an ingredient of this feminine conservatism imported into our controversies just now.

I do not mean only in politics: I mean in everything. Women can do less on public bodies than as a moderating influence in other ways—in fact, their influence in representative assemblies so far has not been as great as was expected when they won their fight for recognition.

Dr. Jacks says, in his book on "Realities and Shams," that "the comparative insignificance of the vote as an instrument of human progress will never be fully realised until everybody who wants it gets it . . . .

"Women have always been the superiors of men in the three qualities which are the main sources of human progress—common-sense, kind feeling, good manners—and on discovering, as they soon would do, the deadly blight which politics cast on these things, they might raise an outcry that would bring us all to our senses."

THE moment is ripe for the woman's protest to be heard against the muddles made by men.

Man looks at the world: woman looks at the home. Man sees humanity in the mass: woman sees the few she loves.

There are unmanly men and fierce and cruel women, but they are the exception in either case.

Man is the fighter; woman the healer.

A woman will fight like a tigress if her child is being hurt, but her best role is not fighting, but sacrifice.

Women of England, what our nation needs at present is not more administrative ability, but a better spirit. Can you put it into us?

A BIG BLUFF CALLED

TRYING TO "COD" "JOHN BULL"

The Wiles of Iles

WE recently commented upon the affairs of The Traders' Institute, of 7, St. Stephen's Avenue, Bristol, and our remarks were greatly resented by the proprietor, Mr. F. Iles.

Our criticisms, apparently, were quite unmerited. "Unless you are prepared to make a public apology and award us a reasonable sum in lieu of damages," wrote Mr. Iles, "it is our intention to take legal action against you on the following grounds."

The "following grounds" consisted of a string of nineteen points, some of which we had raised and some which Mr. Iles had presumably thrown in to make weight.

As our readers well know, JOHN BULL is ever ready to right a wrong, and in order to do full justice to Mr. Iles and the Traders' Institute, we arranged for a representative to make a special trip to Bristol to investigate the matter on the spot.

Humble headquarters

When our representative arrived at St. Stephen's Avenue, he found the headquarters of the Traders' Institute to be located on the top floor of No. 7.

The sanctum of Mr. Iles was a small room whose sole furniture consisted of two broken-down tables and one chair. The floorboards were bare and dirty.

That, in short, is the headquarters of the Traders' Institute, "manufacturers, publishers and printers," though its notepaper would suggest that it possesses no fewer than eleven different departments.

The sole occupant of this dingy office when our representative entered was a young fellow of about twenty-five, and who introduced himself as Mr. Iles.

Without beating about the bush, our representative suggested that they should go over the offending article so that Mr. Iles could point out where we were wrong.

Rousing Iles' ire

In the first place, our assertion that the Traders' Institute was not such an imposing concern as was suggested by its notepaper, and that its head office at Bristol was a single room containing no stock, aroused the ire of Mr. Iles. He declared that our remarks were untrue and most damaging.

Our description of Iles' office is sufficient answer on this point.

Our remarks were quite true with the exception that there is a second room in occupation by the Traders' Institute; but as Iles would not permit our representative to enter it we are unable to say whether its grandeur redeems the squalor of the other.

When asked where the eleven departments referred to on his notepaper were located, Iles said that he did not suggest that there were actually eleven different departments, but tabulated the names to make his notepaper "look nice."

We had also mentioned one of Iles' former ventures, The Ideal Institute, with the comment that his methods had not changed with his change of title.

Iles complained that he had "not been alone" in this venture, but when asked with whom he had been associated, it transpired that his partner was his younger brother.

A candid admission

In another paragraph of our article we observed that Iles usually attracted all and sundry by announcing that £5 could be earned weekly at home.

Iles declared that there was no foundation in this, but one of his

Mr. A. Moore Hogarth, Chairman of the Postal Cash-on-Delivery and Housewives' Association, whose organisation could perform a useful function in eliminating doubtful mail-order traders

circulars which is before us at the moment opens with the following announcement: "We give you one special proposition whereby you may earn £5 and upwards weekly without any outlay or risk whatever."

We closed our article by saying that F. Iles, who has been making his living by foisting mail-order rubbish on to the public, should be regarded with disfavour by all.

We have proved our article true in substance and in fact, and leave it to our readers to decide whether our comments were merited.

The cause for reluctance

Iles himself eventually admitted to our representative that he had often thought of giving up the mail-order work of the Traders' Institute and going in for "the much more cleaner trade of printing, pure and simple."

The article having thus been disposed of, attention was turned to other points which Mr. Iles had raised in his letter of complaint.

"We are legitimate wholesalers," he had declared, "and have over £1,000 worth of stock in our warehouse at Kingswood."

Our representative remarked that he would like to see the warehouse, but it was only after much pressure that Mr. Iles gave his consent.

The cause for his reluctance soon became manifest, for the Kingswood branch of the Traders' Institute turned out to be a cottage shared by Iles, his mother and young brother.

The front room of this cottage had stock piled up all round the walls. This stock included boxes of cheap cutlery, watches, handbags, curtains, chinaware, salad bowls and so on.

These are goods which Iles obtains wholesale and passes on to clients at prices which allow him 12½ per cent. profit. He is therefore not a wholesaler, but an agent!

Very lame excuse

But there was certainly not £1,000 worth of goods in evidence—far from it—and the deficiency was explained by Iles: "As you have ruined my business I had to sell it."

But when asked to produce invoices and documents relating to the transaction, he was unable to do so, and observed that his brother was getting married and had bought much of the stuff. This lame excuse requires no comment.

Iles had sent us a few printed testimonials with the assurance that the originals could be produced.

Our representative went very fully into this question and found that many of the letters referred to were from people who had only received Iles' printed literature, and, in acknowledging it, had made reference to it without having put the scheme into practice.

Take a different point: "Your . . . have gone so well, I am obliged to ask you to send 500 more."

Five hundred what? Our representative looked up the original letter and found that the goods that had gone so well were merely *postcards!*

The game of pretence

A pleasant and interesting occupation this—to lift a scheme and sell it for as much as you can get to poor job-seekers; to get your notepaper up to infer that you are in a tremendous way of business; and to coin money literally, not from the wholesale business you pretend you are doing, but from the three-and-ninepences which roll in from poor wretches who can't get work, and who are attracted by the lure of "£5 weekly earned at home."

The actual value of Iles' money-making schemes to the public may be gauged from the fact that if he cannot get 3s. 9d. from a client, he asks for 2s. 9d., and in some cases his price has come down lower still.

One word more. Iles boasted in his letter that his business was not managed solely by himself and that he had workmen in his employ.

This is true. He is assisted by his young brother, and employs an enormous staff consisting of—one or two office boys.

The "Red's" Red-Tape!

Russian Girl's Sad Fate

Oh to be in Russia
Under the Soviet rule—

THAT is the swan-song of many a Bolshie in our midst. It was also the prayer of a Miss Levensky; but for a different reason.

This young Russian girl of twenty-five came to England in 1919 to continue her studies as a medical student. She behaved herself in such an exemplary manner that she obtained the consent of the British Government to remain indefinitely in this country.

But just over twelve months ago she had an urgent letter from her home, saying that her mother was dangerously ill and begging her to return at once.

Miss Levensky immediately approached the officials of Soviet Russia in London with the view of obtaining a passport, but she was told that Moscow would have to be communicated with first.

Weeks passed, but still the passport was withheld. "Please forward us one pound and we will cable to Moscow for instructions" was the reply she got after waiting six weeks.

"We have not yet heard from Moscow, but we are communicating with them again," was the stereotyped reply to her frequent enquiries later.

Disowned by father

At last, after waiting over twelve months, permission was granted in March this year for a passport to be issued.

Alas, it was too late—the month before the mother of Miss Levensky had died without having her last wish fulfilled—that of seeing her daughter before passing away.

But the thought of not complying with that dying wish is not the only sorrow that is gnawing at this Russian girl's heart. With the news of her mother's death came a reproachful letter from her father, saying that because of her disobedience in not going home, he could no longer regard her as his daughter.

At once the girl wrote to him, enclosing the letters from the officials of Soviet Russia in London, showing that she had done her utmost to respond to the dying woman's appeal.

Autocratic cruelty

Miss Levensky has just received them back again with a curt note saying, "What is the use of sending these letters to me? I can't read English, and as I have already told you, I have no wish to see or hear from you again."

So this poor girl, heartbroken and desolate, is paying a heavy price for the cruel indifference or the stupid red-tapism of the Soviet autocrats in Moscow, or their emissaries in London.

Miss Levensky has now decided to set out on her long journey home. As she herself says, "I can only hope to reconcile my father and I can only pray that in some way my mother will know that I did not willingly ignore her last wish."

COUNSEL'S TRIBUTE TO "JOHN BULL"

WE BRING A ROGUE TO BOOK

It Pays to Write to Us About It!

THE value of JOHN BULL'S service in advising and assisting members of the public who have had the misfortune to fall into the hands of unscrupulous swindlers was emphasised in a striking tribute to this journal paid by Mr. Percival Clarke, the well-known Treasury counsel, during a recent case at the Old Bailey.

The occasion was the trial of Gordon Fletcher Hewitt, one of the cleverest crooks it has ever been our privilege to expose in these columns.

He is a man who has lived by his wits for many years, during which time he has claimed countless dupes.

Hewitt is an out-and-out scoundrel. For twenty years on and off he has operated on the fringe of the criminal world, and his undoubted knowledge of the law has kept him out of prison at times when he most certainly should have been in.

A princely plunderer

The police have "known" him as a princely plunderer for some time, and would not deny that in most of his schemes he has been just too clever for them. It is largely due to our persistent exposures that he has at last been brought to book.

Following the publication of an exceptionally strong article, in which we dubbed Hewitt "The Knave of Clubs," and shed publicity on a number of his shady ventures, we were threatened with a writ and finally favoured with a personal call.

We had told the public of Hewitt's penchant for founding social clubs and obtaining substantial deposits from people on promises of employment as stewards, barmen, etc.

We gave a number of instances where unemployed people had parted with their savings and had got nothing in return, and because our facts were sound we were not perturbed by Hewitt's bluff.

Our stinging accusation

When he saw that he could not pull the wool over our eyes he adopted different tactics. He became confidential and wheedling, admitted that he was "not an angel," but beseeched us to "be good to him in future."

To show our opinion of him, and in order to give an additional warning to the public, we followed our article up with another, headed "We Trump the Knave."

In this we spared no words. We denounced Hewitt as a barefaced and lying humbug, living upon the susceptibilities of the unemployed, and gave further exposures of his methods.

The sequel to this was a visit from a Scotland Yard official requesting information—particularly in regard to one dupe—a Mr. F. Filmer.

This we were only too willing to supply, and it so happened that Mr. Filmer's case was one which we had personally taken up with Hewitt with the happy result of securing a return of 70 per cent. of his money.

The outcome of all this was Hewitt's arrest, and most of the witnesses against him were people whose cases had first been given publicity in these pages.

When Hewitt appeared at the Old Bailey, Mr. Percival Clarke, senior counsel of the Treasury, prosecuted, and referring particularly to the case of Mr. Frederick Filmer, made some interesting observations.

This gentleman, he said, "was not so badly off as the others, being only £35 down in all. That was probably because he had 'written to JOHN BULL about it.' You have frequently seen the advice on the hoardings.

"Filmer took it and Hewitt apparently regarded the position as serious. He thought action might be taken against him and so Mr. Filmer did receive some benefit from going to JOHN BULL about it."

A wise move

As a matter of fact, through us, he got most of his money back. Hewitt himself made a striking admission in the case of another dupe. "He went off to JOHN BULL about it," he said, "and they put in an article saying that the Ealing Club should be closed. That led to the collapse of my scheme."

We are very glad that it did, and we are very glad that this dangerous rascal has at last been brought to book.

In passing sentence, Mr. Justice Fraser addressed himself to Hewitt as follows: "You are obviously a man of intelligence, and offences of this kind against persons of this sort are peculiarly mean and heartless.

Mr. Percival Clarke, Treasury Counsel

"It means this really, that people like the ex-Service man who gave evidence here, and other persons who can ill afford to lose money, are swindled out of their hard-earned savings."

This is exactly what has been said in these pages again and again and formed our ground for attacking Hewitt in the first place.

We can therefore express nothing but satisfaction in the fact that we have been instrumental in lodging him in jail for a period of fifteen months.

Broken by Brokers

Pensioner's Sad Straits

A FEW years ago we had occasion to comment on the London and Foreign Trust, Ltd., 11, Waterloo Place, S.W.1, and 10-11, Broad Street Avenue, E.C.2, as having qualified to be added to our list of outside brokers who are better left alone.

Those unacquainted with the methods of this concern might suppose that, occupying such pretentious offices as it does, it would hardly find it necessary to engage the financial help of a poor Army pensioner.

Mr. D. Olphert, 5, Baker Street, King's Cross Road, has seen twenty-three years' Army service, and during that time he saved about £200.

Impressed by a title

In 1923 he was approached by a Mr. W. P. Campbell-Everden, with a view to participating in the formation of a concern by the Trust to be known as K.C. Carburettors, Ltd.

He was given a glowing account of the possibilities of the new enterprise and he was led to believe there would be some employment for him.

Mr. Olphert was very much impressed by the fact that the chairman of the London and Foreign Trust, Ltd., is Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., and it was largely on the strength of that title that he handed over his savings.

The first instalment comprised £100 in cash which, it was expressly stated, would be returned in four months, with interest at the rate of £5 per month, corresponding to 60 per cent. per annum.

This was on July 19, 1923. A month later he handed over to the Trust his 5 per cent. War Loan stock to the value of £81 11s. 6d. on similar terms, making his total investment £181 11s. 6d.

Motto besmirched

Instead of the money being repaid according to the undertakings given, Mr. Olphert so far has received only £15 from the Trust.

Mr. Olphert lives with his wife in one room and has only his Army pension on which they live, and he urgently needs the capital and interest which have been taken from him.

The family motto of the Sullivans is, "So many rewards of life." Is Sir Edward aware of the use to which others are putting this proud motto?

It is scandalous that the company Acts should allow a concern, so dilatory over such a small amount, to circulate expensively printed and impressive literature about its nominal capital of £200,000!

Robbers of Justice

Leniency in Law

TIME after time we have protested against the lenient sentences imposed by magistrates upon disreputable creatures who are found guilty of indecent behaviour towards helpless little children.

In the present state of the law if a man pleads guilty in the lower court, a magistrate is compelled to deal with him. If, on the other hand, a plea of not guilty is put forward, the magistrate must commit him to take his trial before a judge and jury, in which case he can be sentenced to *a long term of penal servitude!*

Public feeling in this matter may be gauged from a recent case at Coventry, where a low-minded rascal named Arthur Harris was charged with assaulting a little girl of eight.

Judge's strong words

Harris, for his atrocious conduct towards this poor, distressed child, has gone to jail for six months!

Is this fair? Is this justice? Does such a penalty—the maximum within the power of a magistrate to bestow—act as a fitting punishment for such a crime, or as a deterrent to others?

Compare this case with that of John Sutton, a restaurant proprietor of Sandhills Lane, Liverpool. Sutton has just been charged with a grave offence against a local girl of nine.

Sutton was not clever enough to plead guilty before a magistrate, and thus escape with a month or so in jail. He strenuously denied the charge, was sent for trial before a judge and jury and was found guilty.

Mr. Justice Swift, in sentencing him said: "You have been found guilty of a shocking outrage on this poor child. Children of that age must and shall be protected."

Splendid words, these—words upon which the Home Secretary should act.

The law needed

Legislation must be passed making it necessary for every person charged with an offence against a child to stand his trial *automatically* before a judge and jury.

For Sutton did not escape with six months. He was sentenced by Mr. Justice Swift to *five years' penal servitude.* That is the way justice *can* be done when such creatures come, as only rarely they do, before a judge and jury.

We invite our readers to support us in obtaining the required legislation. We ask all parents to remember the words of Mr. Justice Swift—"Children must and shall be protected"—and to help to protect them by writing to their local Members of Parliament.

BANG GOES MRS. BOTTOMS

HAPPY FOR HAMPSTEAD.

Sequel to Housing Ramp

ON one or two occasions we have had something to say regarding a housing scheme known as the Hampstead Housing Development, Ltd.

Our criticisms have been particularly directed towards a Mrs. Cecilia Bottoms, who had obtained deposits from readers for flats which never materialised.

This lady was working in close co-operation with other people.

The procedure was apparently that prospective customers were introduced to the tender care of Mrs. Bottoms.

How they worked

Plausible tales would then be told and a flat offered. Unfortunately the flat would be "not quite ready for occupation," but a promise would be given to the effect that it would be finished off as quickly as possible, provided a year's rent was paid in advance.

Many people paid and, as we say, the flats never materialised. Thus one lady parted with £133, another with £125, and so on.

Mrs. Bottoms was ever ready with excuses, but her clients could obtain no satisfaction.

One lady decided to sue Mrs. Bottoms on the grounds that the money had been obtained from her by fraudulent misrepresentation.

Mrs. Bottoms did not think fit to contest the claim and judgment was given in default, an order being made for a full return of the money paid, Mrs. Bottoms to pay all costs.

At this juncture Mrs. Bottoms resorted to the Bankruptcy Court. In her statement of affairs she described herself as an ex-music-hall artiste, and mentioned that her husband was a mining engineer abroad.

She explained that she had been drawn into the housing scheme at the request of an undischarged bankrupt who owed her a considerable sum.

At his instance, so she said, she had acquired a number of house properties in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park and St. John's Wood, N.W. These were acquired "in her name, but on behalf of a company proposed to be formed."

Very slender capital

She gave orders for work to be done in connection with the conversion of some of the properties into residential flats, and declared that some of these properties had since been acquired from her by a private company, which was registered in May, 1924.

Now this company was the Hampstead Housing Development, Ltd., registered with the modest capital of £1,000, divided into 20,000 one-shilling shares!

It is not difficult to gauge the amount of house developing that could be accomplished with this slender capital.

Mrs. Bottoms, whose statement of affairs showed a deficit of £2,346 10s. 2d., attributed her insolvency to her inability to recover moneys from an undischarged bankrupt who had thrust her into the housing business and the loss of moneys advanced to or paid by her on behalf of the £1,000 company.

An artful pose

It would seem, therefore, that this lady desired to create the impression that she herself had been badly victimised, and this same attitude was adopted by her when she recently applied for her discharge.

Fortunately, this application was opposed by two of our readers whose cases we have dealt with in these pages, and the Registrar was not to be hoodwinked.

He remarked that one of her associates was an undischarged bankrupt, and far from holding that Mrs. Bottoms was more sinned against than sinning, he further remarked that the complaint of fraud made by one of our readers had been fully established and ordered that Mrs. Bottoms' discharge should be postponed for three years.

So once again JOHN BULL's criticism has received vindication in a public court.

WIDOWS IN WANT

PENSION SCHEME DODGES

Between Two Fires

WE believe that a grave exploitation of the public confidence was effected when the cry "Pensions for widows" heralded the introduction of the recent legislation. "Pensions for *a few* widows" would have been a more honest slogan.

Take the case of Mrs. A. Fallows, of 12, Eldon Street, Salford. This widow is left with five children whose ages range from sixteen to eight. Her husband, a packing-case maker, enjoyed perfect health until he joined the Army on September 4, 1914.

He had contributed regularly right from the inception of the Health Insurance Act. During his Army service his contributions were maintained by deduction from his pay.

Looking for excuse

Fallows was permanently disabled by a very severe gunshot wound which caused paralysis of his left arm and rendered him totally unfit for work after his discharge from the Army in April, 1917.

He received a pension, and, not being employed, he no longer contributed to the health insurance funds. He died in April, 1923, from chronic phthisis.

Unfortunately, the respective departments responsible for the administration of the Royal Warrant relating to Army pensions and the Widows Pensions Act each found grounds on which to reject the claims to a pension from Mrs. Fallows.

Scandalous treatment

The Ministry of Health turned her down because her husband had not been an insured person since his discharge from the Army in 1917; the Ministry of Pensions because it did not admit that the disease of which Mr. Fallows died was attributable to service with the colours.

Whether the decisions of the two Ministries are right or wrong, there is no getting away from the fact that the Army was entirely responsible for Mr. Fallows not being able to work, and therefore not being a contributor to the health insurance funds after his discharge.

In the circumstances, therefore, Mrs. Fallows, if she cannot have a pension, surely deserves an *ex gratia* grant.

It is scandalous that this poor woman should have been forced to obtain Poor Law relief.

Another deplorable case is that of Mrs. Tavner, 59, Hurst Green, Brightlingsea. She is left with three young children. Her husband died last Christmas Day at the age of thirty-nine, the cause being certified as a gunshot wound in the lung, combined with tuberculosis.

Notwithstanding that the husband received a pension for his wounds until he died, and despite the weight of medical evidence to the effect that the tubercular state was due to the shot which penetrated the lung, the widow has been refused a pension.

The man was literally riddled with bullets, and the widow should have received the benefit of the doubt expressed by the Ministry of Pensions as to whether the scar on the chest was the result of one of his many wounds.

What is lacking

The proportion of widows in dire need who are not receiving pensions is lamentably large—the number is far too great for them all to be "borderline" cases, such as mark the introduction of any new legislation.

Many of them are due to a sad lack of co-ordination between departmental legislative measures.

It is this lack of co-ordination which is depriving many poor widows of the pensions to which they feel entitled.

Misery on the Mersey

Unemployed Man's Sad Plight

WE have just been investigating the terrible conditions under which unemployed dock labourers are living on Merseyside, and the result does not make pleasant reading.

Families are herded together in small dwellings, and their struggles to make both ends meet are fraught with misery and suffering. One individual case of hardship may be taken as typical of the general conditions.

Walter Evans, of Wild Place, Orrell, is a married man of thirty, with four young children. This family of six occupy one room in a small house which offers shelter to several other families.

When Evans came out of the Army at the end of the war he obtained work at the docks. But his health and spirits had been sadly affected, and he was forced to abandon his work from time to time through nervous breakdowns.

Starved to pay rates.

In spite of this great handicap he contrived to pay his way and to fend for his family, but being only a casual employe his services were dispensed with last Christmas.

He tried manfully to obtain another post, but all his efforts were unsuccessful.

"Since Christmas," Evans told our Special Commissioner, "I have eaten nothing but scraps and bits that have been given to us or brought from shopkeepers who sell cheaply to get rid of their bits. I have starved myself so that I could pay my rent and rates.

"My children are fed for the most part by the school authorities or else I do not know what would happen to them. They have little clothing. It takes my wife all her time sewing to keep my suit and clothes together. She herself has practically no clothes at all."

Ill-nourishment and the prolonged strain resulted in a breakdown, and Evans had to keep to his bed for a week.

Doctor's discovery

He was unable to sign on or draw the "dole" at the week-end and had to seek relief from the guardians. They gave him a pound which was swallowed up immediately in rent and outstanding bills.

Evans had no money to start the week on, and, faint with hunger, he staggered to the Linacre Tin Works to seek work. He found about fifty other unfortunate job-seekers, and after a weary wait they were all turned away.

As he was moving off Evans collapsed in the roadway. He was taken by ambulance to Bootle hospital. The doctors who examined him declared that he "was nothing but a bag of bones."

Evans is out of hospital now, but he has had to sell nearly all his furniture to pay his debts. Meanwhile he is still continuing his search for employment.

A SECRET SOCIETY

HOLY WATER FROM PIMLICO

The Mysterious Initials

STRANGE societies are constantly cropping up and gather large followings. The more strange the doctrines the larger the number of disciples. When, however, the field of medical science is entered, a danger arises that cannot be allowed to go on unchecked

A WEIRD society of mystics has for some time been engaged in the task of inducing weak-minded people to pin their faith on its crude and curious objects.

It styles itself "The Panacea Society," but its constitution and activities are wrapped in mystery.

The names of its leaders are not available, and administrative members of the society refuse to discuss its affairs with anyone who has not been "initiated" into the mystic circle.

The London headquarters of the Panacea Society are situated in Ebury Street, Pimlico, at a private house let out in apartments.

There is no sign of the society's name on the letter-box, and callers, apparently, are not invited.

Mysterious whisperings

When a representative of JOHN BULL called at these remarkable "headquarters" he was interviewed upon the doorstep by an elderly gentleman who informed him in mystical whispers that any enquiry should be sent through the post.

Our representative asked how such an enquiry should be addressed, pressing for the name of the principal of the society. He was informed that letters should be sent to "C.S.S." at that address, whereupon the door was closed.

On looking further into the business of the people at the head of this extraordinary movement, we find that the mysterious atmosphere surrounding the whole affair deepens.

A stupendous announcement

According to the confidential literature which is circulated by the society, the movement "originated in the study of Modern Prophecy by a group of persons, who discovered thereby that a Visitation of Healing and Help was to be expected in England round about the years 1923 to 1927.

"How it was to manifest was a matter of conjecture, and no one was more surprised than ourselves when, in May, 1923, we discovered that Divine Healing was within our reach by a simple process, which proved to be the key which unlocked the Prophecies alluded to."

Now what does all this jargon mean? It means, or is meant to mean, that a "group of persons" has discovered a universal remedy for all the ills the flesh is heir to.

Having made this stupendous announcement, the pamphlet goes on to say how every individual of the society has been benefited and that it is their obvious duty to give the public an opportunity to participate,

All one has to do is to write to the mysterious "C.S.S." giving a brief statement of one's particular malady. The wonderful panacea is then sent free of all charge.

We have been able to discover that the "panacea" consists of a number of small white discs, strangely resembling pieces of ordinary paper, and which are stated to be prepared from a secret formula.

A test of faith

And such is their potence that they convert any water, drawn from an ordinary tap, into a "holy" balm!

If, for example, you have a bunion on your big toe, and you put your faith in the Panaceans, you will be told to soak one of these little paper discs in so much water and treat the bunion with it.

Johanna Southcott, the prophet of whom the Panaceans are followers

The same advice would be given by the society for any external trouble, whilst the simple operation of drinking the prepared water is advocated for all internal ailments.

One point, however, is hard to reconcile. Whilst extolling the infallible properties of their "Cure-all," the society makes the following curious announcement: "Persons can continue with their doctor, adding the water to the doctor's medicine."

If the cure is all it is claimed to be, surely a doctor's services are superfluous.

The "executive" of this queer society consists of something like a hundred men and women who, between them, bear the financial burden of the society's work.

The secret circles

Chief amongst them is a lady called the "Oracle." Then there is the mysterious person whose identity must be kept so secret, and who passes under the title "C.S.S."

A set of other invisible beings is collected under the titles of "The Four," "The Twelve," "The Outer Circle," "The Inner Circle" and "The Circle of Probation." Why don't they come out into the open?

A provincial branch has lately been established at "The Haven," Bedford, but, as at the London Headquarters, "letters only" is the cry.

Such a crank organisation would be quaintly amusing were it not for the reflection that its influence may work incalculable harm amongst the ignorant and simple-minded.

FAMILY OF CROOKS

SECRETS OF THE BOGUS TRADERS

The Lubergs Go the Limit

MANUFACTURERS and traders have been thrown into a state of panic by the activities of "long-firmers." Here we reveal how a family of Russian Poles was able to live in luxury by battening on *bona fide* traders

WE are in a position to reveal the inner story of one of the most stupendous "long-firm" frauds ever perpetrated.

The central character is a rascal named Jacob Luberg, whose rascally activities got him a cosy living exploiting British traders.

He made a family affair of it and gathered to his side his two sons, Archibald and Philip.

Luberg senior had been associated with many clothing concerns, in which he displayed a singular gift for obtaining credit from traders, and in the summer of 1922 he got into touch with Joseph Goldstein, a mantle and costume manufacturer.

Helping a lame dog

Goldstein was in financial difficulties at the time, and under the pretence of "helping a lame dog over a stile," Luberg agreed to finance the firm on condition that it was turned into a limited company.

So "Goldstein and Co., Ltd.," came into being, with Jacob Luberg and Joseph Goldstein as the sole directors. A few months after this change Luberg compromised with the creditors and paid them out.

He next got his two sons to take up a few shares in Goldstein and Co., Ltd., and brought them into the firm as directors.

With the rascally Luberg on the board, plus two sons acting under his instructions, what chance had poor Mr. Goldstein in the administration of the company's affairs?

In the end he threw in his hand, and the happy Luberg trio were left with the company which they had "taken over" for a mere song.

A fitting name

Having completed Goldstein's ruin, the trio transformed Goldstein and Co., Ltd., into "Smarts (London), Ltd."

Smarts (London), Ltd., now began to order small quantities of goods from various firms, paying up punctually to inspire confidence. But gradually orders grew larger and goods were obtained on credit.

These were disposed of at less than cost price, and the Lubergs neglected to pay their clients.

One sufferer, Mr. M. Hasler, a furrier, of Norfolk Road, Dalston, supplied this firm with a quantity of fur collars, for which he was paid cash. Feeling safe, Mr. Hasler supplied larger consignments, on credit.

When a sum of £270 was overdue, Mr. Hasler made frequent visits to the offices of Smarts (London), Ltd., but Jacob Luberg was "away on urgent business."

At last, however, "Mr. Smart," senior, called upon his creditor and explained that as he had recently purchased large quantities of goods for cash, he would be glad if Mr. Hasler would accept bills in payment of his account. Mr. Hasler accepted the bills.

Then "Mr. Smart" casually glanced at some skins and, admiring them, remarked: "You can send me these." Mr. Hasler did so—and is the poorer to-day by £432!

Mr. Silver, of New Road, E.1, also supplied goods for which he could not obtain payment. The net result is that Mr. Silver is about £637 out of pocket!

Goods obtained in this way from traders all over the country were sold by the Lubergs for hard cash. Jacob, the father, entertained lavishly at his Notting Hill residence, and his two sons lived in similar luxury.

Things went wonderfully well and money rolled in until Jacob Luberg came up against a more than usually astute creditor.

This was a gentleman who was not impressed with "Mr. Smart's" fairy tales. "You say you can pay 25s. in the pound," he said. "Well, I'll be satisfied if you'll give me 15s."

Bluff and bluster

With his accustomed bluff and bluster, "Mr. Smart" said he would deal with the matter. But nothing happened, and the trader sought legal advice. He was told to lay the facts before the police.

Finally, he decided himself to prosecute, finding the necessary expenses. The case was put into the hands of the Leman Street Criminal Investigation Department, with the ultimate result that the loquacious Luberg and his sons appeared at the Old Bailey.

Some idea of the extent of the tangled affairs of Smarts (London), Ltd., may be gauged from the fact that the case lasted two weeks.

Mr. H. D. Roome, in opening the case for the prosecution, observed that it was one of the most complete cases of long-firm frauds ever heard in that court.

Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., sentenced Jacob to three years and his two sons to lesser terms.

The moral to be learnt

Now, what are the lessons to be learnt from this story?

Never fulfil any order on credit until you have ascertained from the firm's bankers the extent of its financial resources.

Never take for granted references that "read well" without enquiring into their genuineness.

No honest company objects to any enquiries being made, and if only traders would exercise a little more caution they would not fall such easy prey to scoundrels of the Luberg type.

AMBROSE THE ARTFUL

A PAINTER GONE TO POT

Fellow-Pensioner Defrauded

LANDLADIES, shopkeepers, and others who may come in contact with Mr. Ambrose Dexter, whose favourite hunting-grounds appear to be the Old Trafford and Fallowfield districts of Manchester, would do well to request cash in advance before entering into business relations with this artful gentleman.

Ambrose is a man of many callings. Sometimes he will bob up as a painter; at other times he comes forward as a packing-case maker or box merchant. At the Manchester Police Court he is known as a warehouseman.

Having served some time as a driver in the Royal Army Service Corps and being a plausible rogue, Ambrose is a very good hand at telling an old soldier's tale, although he is still only in the thirties.

Ambrose first came into the limelight last December, when, at the Manchester City Police Court, he was sentenced to one month's hard labour for obtaining £15 12s. 6d. from the employment exchange by false pretences.

Despicable conduct

A few months before that unfortunate lapse, Ambrose ambled off from one of his Fallowfield lodgings, owing nearly £6 for rent, and a shopkeeper in the district still awaits payment for cigarettes and groceries.

Ambrose is an ex-Serviceman.

Just for that, we regard as most despicable his conduct towards Mr. H. Palmer, 364, Chester Road, Old Trafford, a fellow-ex-soldier who befriended him.

Mr. Palmer, before the war, was a steeplejack. Active service has made him a bundle of nerves and he is unable to follow his old occupation.

He lives, with his wife, on his pension and a little extra they make by taking in one or two hard-hit ex-soldiers as lodgers on generous terms.

Dexter came along and told one of his typical sob stories to Mr. Palmer. Having established himself in the house as a lodger, he proceeded to tell tales of his connections in the box-making trade.

Robbing his partner

The result was the formation of the partnership of Palmer and Dexter, trading as the Manchester Packing Case Company.

Needless to say, the money required for the business was furnished by Mr. Palmer, and the total amount handed over to him by Mr. Palmer reached £88.

The character of the scoundrel is illustrated by one of the ruses which he adopted for extracting money from his "partner."

One day a telegram was received. Addressed to Palmer and Dexter, it read, "Rail 500 chests very urgent." It purported to have come from a firm whose name is of world-wide repute in the chocolate-making trade.

On the strength of that telegram, Mr. Palmer parted with £25. Five days later, Dexter wrote what purported to be a letter to the chocolate-makers, saying that he had put the 500 chests on rail.

The telegram was simply a forgery. It was never sent by the chocolate-making firm.

Two circumstances render the fraud all the more despicable. They are that Mr. Palmer was not in a fit state of health to take any active interest in the business or to confirm any of the activities which Dexter told him were being carried on.

Secondly, most of the money provided by Mr. Palmer came from the estate of his son, Victor, a promising young man of twenty-one, who was killed while serving in the Navy.

An urgent need

Mr. Palmer receives no pension for the loss of his son, doubtless because, as he takes in a few lodgers, he is not considered in pecuniary need, but in view of his actual circumstances and the merciless way in which he has been defrauded by this rascal (who has an Army pension) we think the Admiralty should reconsider the matter.

When charged with unlawful conversion of the £88, Dexter was bound over. It is to be hoped he will make some use of the opportunity to go straight and make amends for the hardship which he has brought on those who mistook him for a friend.

NINE YEARS OF AGONY

RICH MERCHANT BEGGARED

Tragic Government Blunder

HAVING explored, during the nine years since he was compelled to close down his business, every avenue along which he might secure compensation from the Government for the irretrievable loss which he sustained through an official blunder, a distracted Irishman, penniless, and with hair turned prematurely white, has appealed to JOHN BULL for help.

He is Mr. James Surplus, a keen business man who, until the intervention of Crown authorities during the war, had been in the fancy box-making business all his life in Belfast, like his father before him.

His home is broken up. He is unable to support his family, and, of course, having owned his own business, he is not eligible for the "dole." All his belongings have been sold or pawned, and now he is stranded.

A staggering alternative

Mr. Surplus' trouble overtook him during the war, when the Royal Commission on Paper refused him a permit to continue importing one of the essential box-making materials, and he had no alternative but to close down his business.

Business which otherwise would have continued to come to him went to his competitors, with whom the Government did not interfere.

According to the verbatim report of the proceedings at the War Compensation Court before which Mr. Surplus' claim was heard, he was told that while his claim did not come within the four corners of the Indemnity Act, he should leave himself to the sympathetic consideration of the Board of Trade.

Flimsy excuses

In view of such a recommendation, Mr. Surplus was entitled to suppose that some grant would be made to him, but notwithstanding strong overtures made to the Imperial Government by the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, Mr. Surplus continues to suffer.

The reason for this is that the Board of Trade has not been disposed to apply to the Treasury for a grant which would enable it to compensate Mr. Surplus for the blunder of the Royal Commission on Paper.

The excuses given by the War Compensation Court for rejecting the claim appear to be very flimsy and hardly in accordance with the evidence furnished at the enquiry.

One of the two reasons given for the rejection of the claim was that any loss sustained was due to a general order and not to any particular interference with Mr. Surplus' property.

A *general* order, yet Mr. Surplus claimed to be the only one of twenty-six box-makers in Belfast whose business was interfered with!

The other objection raised by the court to Mr. Surplus' claim was that there were two other partners in the business who were not parties to the claim.

But as the two partners of Mr. Surplus made it quite plain that they had no desire to make any claim, and that they waived all rights in favour of Mr. Surplus, objection on these grounds seems very unreasonable, especially as the two partners had only recently entered the box-making trade when the business had to close down.

False hopes raised

The only information which Mr. Surplus has been able to glean since his case was heard is that the court gave the matter careful consideration in the hope of seeing its way to determine some payment out of public funds.

The President of the Board of Trade, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, has admitted that the case of Mr. Surplus is a hard one, but further than that he will not go.

So, driven white with worry, Mr. Surplus has made JOHN BULL his final court of appeal.

We hope that his unfortunate experience at the hands of the Government will touch the soul of somebody, if not in the Government perhaps in the box-making and paper trades, who can give him the lift which he so desperately needs.

R.A.F. Officer's Plight

MINISTRY'S HIGH-HANDED METHODS

A Case for Reconsideration

THE Ministry of Pensions has shown up badly in its treatment of a gallant flying man—2nd Lieut. Joseph A. Payne, late R.A.F.

Leaving an important post in South Africa, Mr. Payne, with his wife and children, came back to England in 1915, and, being an engineer of considerable experience, he was asked to go on munition work.

Preferring the fighting end of the war game, he enlisted in the R.F.C. and was posted as a 1st-class air mechanic for gunnery duties on new machines being taken across the Channel.

His superior officers were sufficiently impressed by his services during various enemy raids on London and the East Coast that he was promoted to sergeant-pilot and finally recommended for the King's commission.

An unlucky day

August 19, 1918, was an unlucky day for Payne, who was then a sergeant-pilot. He was flying a fighting machine from Hendon to Andover when he was caught in a fog near the ground. A crash resulted, and he lay unconscious for six days in hospital at Whitchurch.

Sergeant Payne's commission came through on September 9, 1918, the day before he left hospital. As 2nd Lieutenant he was granted leave to enable him to get his new uniform, and after fourteen days he reported for duty.

After a fortnight the seriousness of his injuries became more apparent and he had to re-enter hospital. He was detained in hospital until Armistice Day, when he was granted sick leave until gazetted out with honorary rank in January, 1919.

For more than four years after leaving the Service 2nd Lieut. Payne continued to draw his officer's pension and allowances.

Ministry's high-handedness

Then he received a letter from the Ministry of Pensions informing him that although he received pay while an officer he did not perform any effective duty as such and, therefore, he did not come within the definition of an officer as given in Article 30 (1) of the Royal Warrant of July 2, 1920.

The letter concluded with a formal cancellation of his award and a note to the effect that his eligibility for an award at soldiers' rates would be considered.

Article 30 (1) of the Royal Warrant states distinctly that "officer" means a commissioned officer who has served and been in receipt of pay as such during some period of the war.

We say emphatically that the Ministry of Pensions has no authority for discrediting as service the four months during which this injured man held the King's commission.

Mr. Payne, who is only forty-two, has sacrificed all in the service of his country, and we think that the Air Ministry should demand the restoration of 2nd Lieut. Payne's pension and allowances as an officer.

WHAT do we get out of industrial strife? In his inimitable phraseology our contributor tells us. But he does not stop there. He proceeds to show us, in language at once plain and vivid, how the situation created by our great folly may be turned to good account

The Answer's a Lemon!

by **"WOODBINE WILLIE"** *(The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.)*

"WE had a great war and you won a great victory; what did you get out of it?" a German asked a friend of mine in Hamburg.

"That is what we want to know," my friend replied. "You Germans have had a great revolution, got rid of the Kaiser and the Junkers, and had a Socialist Government in full power; what did you get out of that?"

"That is what we want to know," the German answered.

They are both likely to go on wanting to know. The answer is a lemon.

Great wars, great revolutions, and great strikes are all alike great nonsense, and that is all the greatness there is about them. They are tales told by fools, full of sound and fury, and signifying nothing, or worse than nothing.

In point of cold fact, the Great War was one of the meanest and most sordid chapters in European history, and if history is ever honestly written it will appear as such.

All the piteous panic-stricken weakness of human nature oozed out through those accursed years as pus and poison ooze from a stupidly neglected sore upon a sickly body.

Drifted into hell

We drifted on from bad to worse until we drifted into hell, and staggered blindly out of it. It is always the policy of drift, the policy of put off and patch up, that ends in wars, revolutions, strikes, and other such antiquated tomfoolery.

As the "great" Powers waxed greater, pouring out in preparations for war the money and the energy which their poverty-ridden people at home so badly needed, the stupid, brutal conclusion became more and more inevitable.

So it has been in the world of industry. The "great" unions have grown greater and have been countered by employers' associations and combines upon a similar scale. Money by millions, constructive energy, and organising ability of the highest order have been squandered upon them, as fighting institutions, without stint.

They stand as living monuments of that most tragic human weakness which is our wasted misdirected strength.

It cannot be too clearly stated or too fully realised that these unions and associations, as fighting units, have not added one penny to the nation's wealth or contributed one iota to the destruction of poverty.

Betrayal of the people

As such, they are, like the bloated armaments of the modern world, vicious and expensive luxuries which only fools suppose we can afford. They are weakness, not power; they are poverty, not wealth; they are mean, not great.

Militant trade unionism and militant capitalism are both alike blind and treacherous betrayals of the people's cause.

We need to rid ourselves of the last vestige of respect for the fighting leader on both sides, and to know him for the primitive, unintelligent survival of a bygone age. He is an anachronism, like a bone-shaker bicycle in a world of flying machines, like a gallant British bowman in a battle fought with bombs and armour-piercing guns.

That is the first lesson of the great folly of 1926, a lesson which the workers must lay well to heart, if they are ever to be delivered from the curse of poverty.

The efficiency of a union is not to be measured by its bulk, but by the intelligence of its members, and by their capacity to grasp the realities of an industrial difficulty. The value of a leader is to be reckoned by his skill and wisdom in negotiation and not by his bombast upon the platform.

Trade unions and employers' associations, in some form or other, are an essential factor in modern industrial organisation as instruments of collective bargaining, and it must be realised that the collective bargain is the only known method of fixing wages.

Whatever changes are made in what men call the "system," whatever political reforms may be brought about, the collective bargain will remain as the only way, in a free country, of determining the reward of different grades of labour.

All-round disarmament

Our task is to perfect the machinery, and to improve the technique of the collective bargain, and, therefore, of industrial trade unionism, and above all things to prevent the bargain from degenerating into a fight.

The first essential for this task is disarmament all round, the elimination from our minds and mouths of the fighting spirit and the fighting speech.

We shall take a great step towards this if, following the Prime Minister's lead, we steadily refuse to think or talk of the folly of 1926 in terms either of victory or defeat, and regard it, without self-deception, as a disaster from the worst consequences of which we were delivered by such glimmerings of common sense and Christian charity as have become rooted in our national character.

If all sections and individuals can be humble enough to claim no credit and wise enough to assign no blame; if Parties abstain from making political capital out of national misfortune, and the Press from increasing its circulation by washing dirty linen in public, it may be that good will come out of evil, and having learned to know ourselves as fools, we shall take the first step in the path of wisdom and of peace.

Penalty of the pioneer

If other nations admire us for the way in which we conducted and concluded the business, so much the better. Let them blow the trumpet; we need not blow our own.

For us the higher wisdom is to acknowledge the folly of having fallen in, rather than to pat ourselves upon the back for having scrambled out.

Above all, let us not suppose that so long as the root causes remain, we can ever be safe from a repetition of the same thing in some slightly different form. The root cause is our failure to realise what is demanded of us by the new world in which we live.

The economic position of Great Britain in the world is not, and never can be again, what it was during the nineteenth century. The penalty of the pioneer falls inevitably upon us.

We were the first great industrial nation, and we got a long start, but time inevitably turns that start into a partial handicap.

Ours were the first pits, now ours are the oldest pits, and thereby hangs a long, long tale. Ours were the first factories, now ours are the oldest factories, and thereby hangs another. We had the world for a market, and now the whole world is seeking markets.

Times have changed and we must change with the times and be quick about it. We have no time to fight, and cannot afford it. The man who is treading on our toes cannot help it. It is no good hitting or pushing him; we must find room for both.

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C., universally known as "Woodbine Willie," is Rector of St. Edmund, King and Martyr, Lombard Street, Chaplain to the King, Messenger Industrial Christian Fellowship

I do not mean that Britain is done for, or nearly done for. I do not believe that she shows the slightest sign of real decay. She may, please God she will, grow greater and more prosperous still and banish poverty from her people altogether, but that depends upon how far we can learn the lesson of the great folly, and ceasing to fight can learn to plan and to think.

What must be done

If that is to be done it will make great demands upon all workers, both of brain and hand. If our pits are to be reorganised, which is our immediate problem, it will be necessary for the Owners' Association and the Miners' Federation to disarm forthwith, and to set an example of intelligent co-operation.

For us as a nation there is this urgent task and problem, easy to state, but not simple to solve—How can we ensure that no collier goes down the pit with an empty stomach or an over-anxious mind while the pits are being reorganised?

That is the problem which we tried to solve by spending millions on a futile fight, millions we could not afford. It remains to be solved with all the added difficulty of this mad-headed waste, and, let us face the worst, it may yet prove insoluble, unless we learn well the lesson of the ten days' silly season miscalled the great strike.

There need not be a solution. Problems put by lunatics are often insoluble. If two madmen both claim to be the Prince of Wales or the one and only poached egg on toast in the world there is no way of doing justice to both. Madness is only a matter of degree, and there is a lot of it knocking about.

Now or never!

If our friends the colliers, both the collier "brains" and the collier "brawns," cannot become saner, and create a better understanding of one another, the problem may go unsolved.

They may even come to terms, but coming to terms is not the same thing as working pits and paying colliers. It is the first step and in some ways the easiest.

We must not only come to terms but get and sell the coal and ensure that we go on getting and selling it without another break for years to come.

It is now or never. For God's sake, for the children's sake, let's get down to it.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I am glad to see that the Government has a Bill in hand for the registration and inspection of maternity homes. The first condition of a tolerable human existence is a decent birth, and a nation which neglects the claims of motherhood has no right to call itself civilised. The safeguards now proposed are urgently needed. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. CHAMBERLAIN, K.G., M.P., Foreign Secretary.

DEAR SIR AUSTEN,—It is inevitable that upon the question of disarmament there should be differences of opinion between the Great Powers, but the main thing is that Great Britain should have a definite policy and the courage to pursue it with single-minded zeal. Far better a bold venture for peace than mere nerveless drifting towards the fierce hazards of war. JOHN BULL.

To Commandant ALLEN, O.B.E., Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

DEAR MADAM,—A meed of praise is due to you and your fine corps of voluntary women workers for your help in the great strike. Following the lead of Mrs. Baldwin, you remained strictly impartial. You confined your efforts to helping and safeguarding women, girls and children. Thousands of weary work-girls owe to you the fact that they were enabled to carry on their duties smiling instead of being made ill by endless weary miles of walking. Thank you!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. NORMAN LANDRETH, Cliftonville, Margate.

DEAR SIR,—It is beyond words shocking to know of "a young mother whose fifth baby has lately been born into a room in which already six people are living." But I agree with you that although housing is urgent, so too is a better sense of fairness to mother and child. Under the evils of overcrowding there is need of restraint and moral responsibility concerning the why and how of the birth of babies. JOHN BULL.

To Miss MARGARET KIRKLAND, Swansea.

DEAR MADAM,—I congratulate you on your recent election as first lady president of the Swansea Boot Trades' Association. It is a fitting honour. You know the shoe trade from A to Z, and are one of its shrewdest members. I shall expect some very businesslike trade developments as a result of your election. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. FURNESS BROS., Nottingham.

GENTLEMEN,—Your hearts are in the right place. Through your generosity one thousand parents and 1,600 children of the destitute miners are enjoying a week-end meal of meat, though they have no money for strike pay. To distribute free each week two tons of meat is practical Christianity. It relieves the situation more than many tons of talk. JOHN BULL.

To the BISHOP OF PELLA, St. Anne's, Upper Kennington Lane, S.E.

RIGHT REV. SIR,—I like your warm tribute to the working women of this country. You notice their courage, generosity and charity, especially the mothers of families, and are amazed at their untiring goodness. With small means, and in conditions of bad housing, they still do wonders. Let us have more of their help in shaping the affairs of the nation, and getting the things done that badly want doing. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. BEATRICE DRAPPER, J.P., Greenwich and Deptford Board of Guardians.

DEAR MADAM,—Your board, of which you are chairman, has issued an order that all its officers and employees must become members of their appropriate trade unions on or before July 5, failing which they will be dismissed. If this is Socialist freedom, I confess I prefer Tory tyranny. Those who have not learned tolerance from recent tragic industrial events are indeed beyond hope. It is up to a higher authority still to checkmate such scandalous coercion.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOSEPH GALE, Stockwell Road, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—When, following your occupation of gasworks foreman, you saw a lunatic, armed with an iron bar, standing on a narrow platform 40 ft. from the ground in the South Metropolitan Gas Works, you took in the situation at a glance. Turning out the lights, in danger of falling on the ground or the machinery below, you grappled with the struggling maniac and managed to overpower him. I am glad the Carnegie Hero Fund trustees have remembered you. JOHN BULL.

To Canon A. W. R. LITTLE, St. John's Vicarage, Blackpool.

REV. SIR,—You laud the use of advertising by the Churches—that is, if the advertisement takes the form of loudly proclaiming a message. The best advertisement of Christianity has always been, and always will be, a consistent Christian. Even among those who would not dream of labelling themselves, there is abroad a very good measure of true Christian feeling, and that is enough to change the world. We were given plenty of evidence of it during the late strike.

JOHN BULL.

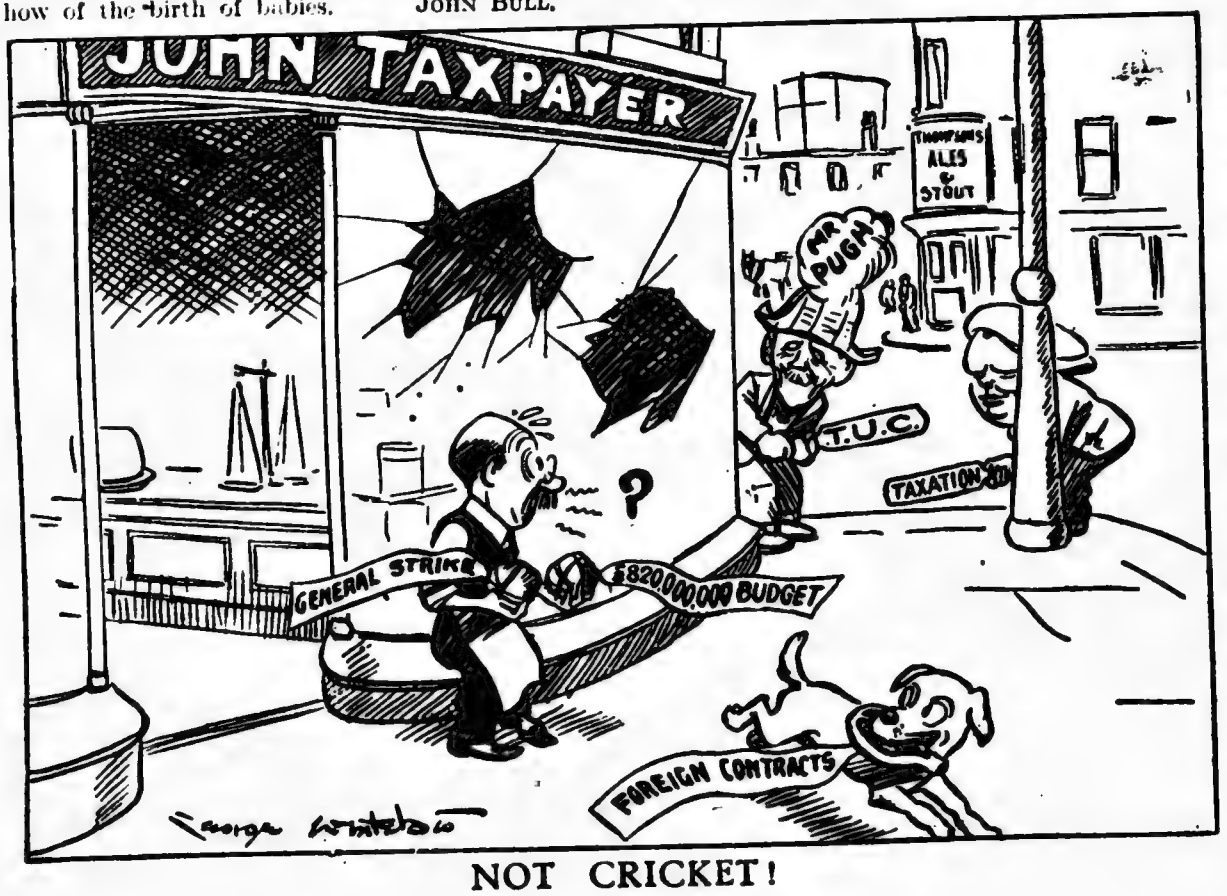
To Mr. GEORGE F. DAVIES, Mayor of Wrexham.

DEAR SIR,—When a doubt appeared in the case of Richard Ernest Harrod, charged before you with shopbreaking, you told the youth, "Your father did a very noble thing. He died for his country and I want to ask you to do a still nobler thing. I want you to live for your country." And, giving him the benefit of the doubt, you discharged him. I like this method of keeping alive the humanities, refusing to allow them to be dulled by officialdom. To give a smart-looking lad, with no look of the criminal about him, a chance is better than giving a dog a bad name and hanging it. JOHN BULL.

To Captain G. McMILLAN, Master of the "Benvorlich."

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations on the presentation just made to you and your chief officer, Mr. G. S. Matthew, by the Newfoundland Government for your conspicuous bravery in October last. When the Newfoundland schooner *Nancy Lee* lay disabled in the North Atlantic, burning signals of distress, you stood by. At daybreak your boat put out, and in spite of high seas and roaring wind the crew managed to bring off all the men from the wrecked vessel. I am glad the King has awarded to all your officers, including the two Chinese seamen who helped them, the bronze medal for gallantry in saving life at sea.

JOHN BULL.



NOT CRICKET!

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. FRANK VARLEY, M.P.: "The colliers have been badly let down by the T.U.C. suddenly ending the general strike."

On the contrary. The colliers were badly let down by the T.U.C. beginning the general strike.

* * *

MR. J. BATEY, M.P.:—"In the House of Commons mining members will play Cain with the Prime Minister."

The duty of mining members is to help the Prime Minister or anyone else who has the humanity to try and settle the mining difficulty.

* * *

MR. FRANK HODGES: "Avoidance of a crash is more vital than the preservation of fleeting reputation."

Print it in gold and stick it up in all trade union headquarters.

* * *

LADY ASTOR:—"Men have ruled the world for centuries—but women have now got their chance."

We don't want any kind of one-sex Government. Men and women must work together for the common good.

Without Fear or Favour—*by The Editor*

THE BLOCKHEADS' BLOCKADE

The Last Step

DESPITE the fact that all sorts of obstacles and hair-splittings are going on at Geneva in connection with the Disarmament Conference, it is perfectly clear that the conscience of the world has awakened to the fact that war is unthinkable and that somehow the very possibility of war must be removed from the mechanism of international politics.

The idea of disarmament is too firmly implanted in men's minds to be ever again eliminated. The moment is ripe for this idea to be carried a stage further, and for industrial disarmament to be insisted upon with equal emphasis.

We have never hidden our dislike of Fascism and its methods, but we are always prepared to learn from anyone who has anything to teach us, and it is idle to deny that experiments are being tried in Italy that are worth the very serious attention of other countries.

Mussolini's latest experiment of marshalling all producers into national corporations under the direct control of the new Ministry of Corporations, and the forbidding of all strikes and lock-outs, with the consequent taking of labour disputes to special labour courts, is a step that will be watched with intense interest by every other country.

No one but a lunatic would imagine that the clock could ever be put back to the time when private individuals used to settle their quarrels by physical violence. We have almost reached the stage when nobody but political lunatics imagine that nations will ever again settle their disputes by physical violence.

Surely we have reached a point in our national mentality when we can take the last step and say it is equally unthinkable for Capital and Labour to settle their disputes by these mad methods.

The Way Out

ONE of the few classes of people who have any cause to bless the action of the Trades Union Congress in calling a general strike is the moneylenders' fraternity, since the pressure on Parliamentary time will mean the shelving for an indefinite period of the Moneylenders Bill.

These gentry will be free to continue the broadcasting of deceptive and lying circulars, and will be able for some time to come to exact monstrous rates of interest from the unwary.

Several recent cases that have come before the courts, however, point out a way of relief for those who have foolishly allowed themselves to be lured into the clutches of these blood-suckers.

In every case the moneylender has been roughly treated by the judge, and in more than one case been forced to refund part of his exactions.

No one who is being unmercifully bled by moneylenders should hesitate for a moment to institute legal proceedings. The judges have nothing but sympathy for the victims—foolish victims though they may be.

Solving the Riddle

"BEFORE any sacrifices are asked from those engaged in the industry, it should be definitely agreed between them that all practicable means for improving its organisation and increasing its efficiency should be adopted as speedily as possible as the circumstances in each case allow." **(Coal Commission Report.)**

NOW that the air is cleared again for the discussion of the coal *impasse*, we confess we do not like the situation. We are, in effect, back at the starting-post. Not only is there no advance; there has even been a certain retraction.

We are not only still faced with a mining lock-out as an accomplished fact, but we are now faced with the expressed determination of the Cabinet to enforce a reduction of wages before any talk of reorganisation is considered.

Our sympathy for the miners is as strong as ever it was. The fiasco of the strike has not blinded us to the human problem of the mines.

The stumbling-block remains what it always was—the attitude of the owners. Never before, we think, in the history of British industrial disputes has a body of men shown itself so obstinate, so wilfully blind to realities and so incredibly stupid as the coal-owners.

They have forfeited the confidence of the country, the country which—be it noted—by reason of the subsidy—has become an interested party in the mines, and it is unthinkable that they should be allowed to mismanage this vital industry in future.

In the House of Commons on the first Monday of the strike, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, speaking of the miners' wages, said: "There is no complicated calculation in the little group of pay-sheets which I have showing these wages—£1 8s. 9d., £2 0s. 9d., £2 11s. 2d., £2 1s. 3d., £1 5s. 5d., £1 5s. 5d. It does not matter how that is calculated. That is what the miner gets."

THAT is what we have called the human problem of the mines. Are these wages that can by any argument of equity or economics be reduced? The Path to Prosperity most certainly does not lie that way.

We hope Mr. Baldwin will not allow his good sense and his proved statesmanship to be swamped by his Cabinet's obtuseness. We trust he will take his stand on the Coal Commission's Report and on that alone.

Such a course involves agreement on reconstruction and reorganisation first, and discussion on wage reduction second—if ever the latter question comes into the field at all.

In our view his course is clear. He should:

Enforce a satisfactory national wages agreement;

Make a long-term loan to the mine-owners to be utilised for the specific purpose of reorganising the industry and securing a living wage to those miners not at present in receipt of it;

Give the constructive proposals of the Commission legislative force, not *some* of the proposals, but *all* of them.

He has stood up to the unions. Let him now stand up to the owners.

He has an enormous and an automatic majority. In any reasonable suggestions he has the entire country at his back.

WE urge him now to act as he thinks, to ignore Party and consider only the nation. Let him put aside every other consideration except one—the securing of an enduring peace in the coalfields.

The misery of the mines is no empty phrase. It is not going to be made less empty by increasing the misery.

In the last fifteen years no fewer than 15,000 miners have been killed in the bowels of the earth. What sacrifices have the owners made, what sacrifices have the royalty-owners made, that can be compared to this?

Why should the sacrifice be demanded of the miners? They do not own the mines. The parlous state of the industry is not of their manufacture.

The miners cry for justice. It shall not be denied them.

MR. STEPHEN WALSH, M.P., who alleges that between July 31, 1921, and December 31, 1924, profits in the coal industry in this country amounted to not less than £56,500,000. He states that in addition to declared profits there are hundreds of thousands of pounds of concealed profits due to the owners' methods of tabulating returns

The Ducal Mind

THERE is unrest in India. Reports may be exaggerated. We do not know. That is one great evil of the newspaper stoppage. Whenever news ceases to flow through recognised channels a flood of alarmist and sensational rumours takes its place.

In our country Mr. Baldwin's calm handling of difficulties and pacific temper saved us from panic. It is the only temper which will ever save any country in any crisis.

That is why such utterances as appeared in the *Morning Post* of April 26 are not to be ignored as a vain outpouring. In so far as they represent the mind of certain sections of society they become an actual world menace.

Said the leader of that date in regard to India: "Initial severity is ultimate benevolence; weakness at the beginning means cruelty at the end. *A whiff of grapeshot in the first stages of a riot has saved many a holocaust*; and it will be a bad day for the peace of India when her administrators are too much under the sway of false political theory to put in practice these stern lessons of experience."

The imagination boggles at what might have happened in England had our present Government been filled with men of this type and temper when the general strike held sway.

These are the real provokers of revolution, the real danger to the State. It is a great pity that such men who still exist in the Conservative Party have neither the common-sense nor logic—we will not mention their humanity—to realise that the type of government they clamour for is *dead*.

It has been killed by its own futility. Mr. Baldwin knows it and acts upon his knowledge. But, so far as the minds behind the *Morning Post* are concerned, he may well pray to be saved from his friends.

A Prince of Poachers

by A. G. GARDINER

THE Budget has shown Mr. Churchill's utter incapacity as Chancellor. All his bombast and bluff cannot alter the fact. His record is one of blunder upon blunder, and the Empire's trade is being irreparably ruined. Churchill must go!

The Chancellor of the Exchequer

I THINK it would be true to say that Mr. Churchill is the most expensive thing in statesmanship that this country has had for a quarter of a century.

If the principle of taxing luxuries were carried out to its logical conclusion he would have been taxed out of political existence long ago—say, after the Dardanelles tragedy; certainly after the hundred millions he caused to be squandered in helping, by his crude hysteria, to establish the Bolshevist tyranny over Russia.

But he has that indomitable pushfulness that gives him more lives than the traditional cat. He is no sooner flung out of the front door than he is in at the back.

He passes from camp to camp like the soldier of fortune who cares nothing for causes, but offers his sword to any Party that looks like winning. It is a first-rate blade, and he uses it with a skill, an audacity and an impudence that make it invaluable to any general in difficulties.

Vanished hopes

The result is that, though he has no followers, is universally distrusted and fights frankly and always for his own hand, he is never extinguished, and has managed, before he is much over fifty, to fill more offices in both Parties and to spend a larger proportion of his Parliamentary life on the front bench than any man in the history of a hundred years.

I had hopes that when the prince of poachers was appointed the head gamekeeper to the estate, his mischievous propensities might be turned to a useful purpose.

In the spending departments he was obviously the most dangerous of spendthrifts; but as the man charged with the key of the safe it was possible he might turn his guns on the marauders and make some brilliant amends for his own profligacy.

Those hopes have vanished. He has produced two Budgets, and he has not merely failed to lower the intolerable burden of taxation which depresses the industry of the country—he has increased that burden.

The expenditure of the country—four times what it was before the war—has ceased to go down and has begun to go up.

Tried and found wanting

There are two functions by which a Chancellor of the Exchequer has to be judged: the first is his economy in expenditure, the second the wisdom of his methods of raising revenue to meet that expenditure.

By both of these tests Mr. Churchill stands condemned. His efforts at economy have failed lamentably: he has raised expenditure by £30,000,000 a year. Let us acquit him of half that, on account of the coal subsidy, and he has still £15,000,000 to answer for.

Why has he been guilty of this colossal failure to relieve the burden of the country? The answer is that the gamekeeper has thrown his shield over the poacher. His economies have been mean, trivial, unjust.

They have been practised at the expense of the weak and of the deserving, as in the case of his plunder of the funds of the sick, the disabled and the unemployed, or they have been unlawful, as in the case of the raid on the Road Fund.

The only direction in which there has been no real economy is in the direction in which great economies are alone possible.

We cannot save on war pensions and on the debt services; we ought not to save on reproductive services like education and the Post Office—we want cheaper postage, cheaper telegrams, not dearer: we want more educated citizens, not fewer—but we can save and we ought to save on the great military spending departments.

It is here that our wealth is pouring away and impoverishing industry.

Cowardly surrender

And it is just here that the gamekeeper has surrendered to the poacher. Mr. Churchill's father fell in fighting the Admiralty. Mr. Churchill, in infinitely easier circumstances, with the only serious naval competition sunk at the bottom of the sea, has cried "Camarade" to the poachers.

He allowed them to embark on that reckless Singapore policy, the end of which no man can see, and he has permitted them to begin a vast new programme of cruiser-building, the cost of which has not yet fully appeared in the Budgets. There is the key to his failure as an economist.

Turn to the other test—his methods of raising money. If there is a basic principle of taxation which is unchallengeable, it is that taxation should be on possessions and not on consumption. Capacity to pay is the only true test of taxation.

Tax me on what I eat or wear and you tax me unjustly. I need as much to eat and as warm clothes to wear as the man of millions. But tax me on what I possess, on my income, on my power to pay, and you tax me justly.

That is the case of direct taxation, as against indirect and concealed taxation. The one is open, fair, easily collected; the other is sly, unequal in incidence and mischievous in result.

The consumer plundered

Now the chief fact about Mr. Churchill's finance is that he has reduced direct taxation and increased indirect. He has relieved possessions and punished consumption—cut down the income-tax and put up the price of commodities. And in doing so he has done incalculable harm to commerce.

Take the case of his silk duties. He prides himself that he has raised £6,000,000 by them. Yes, but he does not deny, he admits, that that money has come out of the pockets of the consumer.

But that is not all. He has nearly killed in nine months the re-export trade in silk in this country. London used to be the great free market of the world in silk. Everybody came here to buy the silk products of all countries because they could get them at bedrock prices.

Now they have gone to France, Italy, Switzerland, to buy direct. In the nine months since the duties were imposed the re-export trade in silk in London has fallen from 8,033,367 pieces to 3,413,501 pieces.

I have before me a letter from one of the leading silk merchants in the City in which he says that the duties have diverted 75 per cent. of his foreign trade from London to the Continent.

With that business have gone the profits of insurance, shipping, transit, packing, and the multitude of other activities dependent on the trade.

And it is this profligate system, striking at the whole tradition of England as the centre of world trade, that Mr. Churchill is extending by his policy of diverting taxation from possessions to consumption.

It is a policy of befriending the rich man and plundering the consumer.

Five years of Mr. Churchill at the Exchequer will be more disastrous than a great war. For the disasters of a great war can be repaired, but the ruin of the delicate texture of a world trade is irreparable.

If I Were a La

by SIR ERNEST BENN, C.B.E., *Anti*

IF you were a Labour Leader! W of that great chance of being

IF I were a Labour leader (and I heartily wish that I were, for there is no better field for genuine service to mankind) I would wipe my slate clean and begin again to-day.

Sir Ernest Benn, C.B.E.

An unequalled opportunity for statesmanship presents itself to Labour officials, and I do not doubt that many of them will be wise enough to take advantage of it.

The greatest Labour leader in history, Samuel Gompers, did for America what wants doing for England. He saved the American Labour movement for constructive common-sense, and lived to see most of the American workmen owning their own houses and almost every artisan the possessor of a motor-car.

If, therefore, I were the leader of English Labour I would frame a new policy and issue a manifesto on something like the following lines:

The General Strike has cleared the air. We have now tested the value of Socialism as an aid to Labour, and we know that it is a fraud and a sham which can only ruin the genuine Labour movement.

Almost every advance that the trade unions have secured in wages has been nullified or minimised by restricted production and rising prices due to the false spirit which Socialism has spread.

We therefore declare that the Labour movement exists to promote the wellbeing and efficiency of industry for the benefit of the people as a whole.

We recognise that there are two sides to the question of work and that unless the consumer is satisfied the worker cannot secure satisfaction. The function of industry is to deliver the goods.

We are out to destroy class consciousness and to preach the doctrine of one class with complete political and social equality. We declare there can be no such thing as economic equality.

An Important Message

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE rank and file of the trade unions has had a bitter lesson on the folly of apathy and uncritical action. Let it put its house in order and be master in its own house. Trade unionists must make their officials realise that an official is a servant, not a dictator

THERE are a number of foolish people who are loudly proclaiming that trade unionism is "smashed" as the result of the strike. They are, as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald said, making the mistake of their lives.

For good or ill trade unionism is an integral part of our industrial system. It is not smashed. It cannot be smashed.

No power on earth can stop men combining for their mutual advantage if they wish to combine. Their movement may be driven underground, but it can never be killed so long as they wish to keep it alive.

Nor does any sensible person wish to see trade unionism smashed. They may wish to see it reorganised and its arrogance curbed, but that is a different thing altogether; that is a legitimate and a desirable end.

I knew most of the trade union leaders years ago, knew them when they were not leaders. I have watched them climb to power from comparative obscurity, climb on the backs of their members and use their members to serve their own political ends.

I do not say they are altogether insincere. The majority of them most certainly have the interests of their members at heart.

They have, in point of fact, more interest in the affairs of their members than the members themselves have.

The root of the trouble that has brought the trade union movement crashing to the ground is the apathy of the individual trade unionist. He elects an official and ceases to take any further interest in his union.

He surrenders his individuality to his leader, he yields up his personal liberty, he ceases to have his own opinions and he takes as his motto the dangerous doctrine "My union—right or wrong."

I think the fiasco of the General Strike has caused a great awakening among the rank and file. It has realised that leaders may lead badly. It has seen that advice and instruction may be wrong and that power may be used for dangerous ends.

A rude awakening

It has suddenly awakened to the fact that they have become merely pawns in the game, automatons whose duty it is to pay a weekly subscription and act as and when they are told.

Are you going on behaving like a flock of sheep? Or are you going to learn your lesson and be masters in your own house?

Looking back on that fateful Monday when the call was given to bring Britain's industry to a standstill, there is a picture of both wonder and dismay.

The response to the call was marvellous. The loyalty of millions of men and women to leaders whom they knew to be mistaken was a demonstration that will not readily be forgotten.

But how many of you really wanted to strike? How many of you, abating not a jot of your sympathy with the miners, struck in the clear knowledge that your action was useless and that your sympathy was being distorted into an active hindrance?

How many of you realised that you had ceased to fight an industrial battle and had allowed yourselves to be pitchforked into a political struggle against the State?

The silly sheep

Your leaders knew, disguise the issue though they might. But you—you went like lambs and, if you protested, you protested when it was too late.

The blame is yours—not for obeying your leaders, but for having failed to look after your own affairs in the past. The blame is yours for ever allowing your leaders to assume the pose of autocracy and for allowing yourselves to drift into the position of helpless slaves.

I think you know it now. I think you realise now that the remedy is in your own hands.

You, and you alone, can stave off the reaction that is waiting to pounce on the torn and bleeding body of the trade union movement.

You can set your own house in order without waiting for Parliament to do it for you.

If the rank and file is wise it will look after its own affairs in future and not delegate its powers unreservedly to others.

It will never again allow its officials to forget that they are the servants and not the masters of the unions.

SPEAKING at Hammersmith during the strike, Mr J. H. Thomas declared that he had never been in favour of a General Strike and added that the workers had no right to make employers negotiate under such a threat

It will attend its meetings and make its presence felt. It is no use grumbling after the event. The time for criticism is before disaster comes.

To tear up your cards, to leave your unions, is to remedy nothing. The remedy is to take into your own hands the power that should never have left them.

The great trouble in the past has been that the conduct of trade union affairs has largely drifted into the hands of a hot-headed minority who have been "out for blood."

Leaders' tragic failure

The great bulk of sane, level-headed union members who know the value of combination and the solid benefits of unity have not troubled to interest themselves in the routine work of building sound constitutions.

They have not troubled to ask themselves into what sort of a mess the wild men and the incompetents were leading them.

It is to the eternal discredit of the leaders that, holding in the hollow of their hands this splendid loyalty and unquestioning obedience, they failed to turn it into nobler channels.

It is to the eternal credit of the rank and file that even while it obeyed it questioned and revolted and opened its eyes to realities.

If you keep your eyes open, then indeed may great good come out of evil.

The bad employer still exists. So does the b d workman. It is in your own interests to see that both are eliminated from the industrial machine.

Trade unionism has wandered into a bog because it has been so busy keeping an eye on the bad employer that it has forgotten the rottenness in its own body.

There was much talk before the strike of the amazing industrial success of America. It will be a great pity if that example is allowed to sink back into oblivion.

Communism dead and damned

Co-operation instead of enmity, fair play instead of suspicion, hard work and adequate pay—these are the things that lay an equal responsibility on the shoulders of masters and men.

Finally, there is one thing more than another that you, in your millions, should do unequivocally, Communism is dead and damned in this country. Tell it so in no uncertain words.

You can, if you will, enter into your birthright No man can stop you if you will but unlock the doors.

For your house is your own and the key of the doors is in your own hands.

Labour Leader

C.B.E., *Author of "Confessions of a Capitalist."*

Leader! What use would you make e of being of service to mankind?

We accept the theory of private property for three reasons.

Property or capital is essential to industry and to civilisation, and the more there is of it the better for all.

The private individual is the only human agent which can preserve and care for property or capital and thus enable it to function.

We want a little ourselves.

But we shall continue to fight for the elimination of those ill-meaning persons who waste wealth on useless luxury.

We know that twenty-five years of Socialism working through all political Parties has brought public expenditure to the outrageous total of £3 per week per family, and we will not be content until the process is reversed and the bulk of that money is brought into the pockets of the workers.

We intend to give the best work for the best pay. Industry is capable of producing far better results to all three Parties working in co-operation, each recognising the other's rights and each accepting its own responsibilities. We believe that we can double the return to the worker by a constructive policy, and we declare that we are out to help and not to hinder.

We mean to secure a new status for Labour, a real dignity for the worker, and we therefore repudiate the degrading policy of restriction, limitation and the waste of idleness to order.

Our policy is to increase wages and shorten hours, and we will establish in every trade union a research department to discover how to secure maximum wages out of maximum output. We intend to get the highest wages for the greatest number by giving the maximum production for the good of everybody.

We retain the right to strike, but we recognise that it is a weapon which should only be used against the employer who is not fair to labour.

Such a policy would secure not merely the disciplined loyalty of the individual worker but would win his heart. British industry and British Labour would regain the leadership of the world and poverty would disappear within our time.

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MANIKINS have the same Mild-Havana-Flavour as the 'six-pence-an-inch' cigar.

They are made from the delicate tip leaves which are just too small for the big, costly cigar. They are rolled in the same way as their Havana cousins.

Tenpence buys five of these choice little cigars, and each one gives a whole half-hour of luxurious cigar smoking enjoyment. Get a packet now while you think of it.

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Sweet to the last draw

THE GREAT AXHAM MYTH

HOW THE PUBLIC WAS MISLED

A Suggestion for the Government

THE death of Mr. Axham releases us from a pledge of confidence, and enables us to set out the facts in true perspective. It is in the public interest that people should know the real story, and it is certainly in the public interest that the functions of the General Medical Council should be understood.

These are two—to devise and supervise the medical curriculum and examinations to ensure that only properly qualified and "*safe*" men shall be *legally* qualified, and to act as a tribunal to consider professional offences.

There is nothing unique about this. Lawyers, engineers, architects, chemists—all protect the public from fraud by similar devices.

We will put the matter bluntly. It is of the utmost importance that a mother should be able to send her daughter to consult a doctor in the certain knowledge that she will be as safe as she would be at home.

A fraud on the public

Is it not essential that, should a doctor violate this confidence, there should exist a court with power to say: "You are not a man we can trust. We must, therefore, in the interests of public safety, remove your name from the register."

There is not a mother in the land who would dispute its absolute necessity.

Or, let us take another example. Must we not also be secured against our diseases being diagnosed and treated by a doctor's unqualified assistant when we have paid to be treated by the doctor?

Is it not a fraud upon the public to issue an "incapacity certificate" signed by the doctor when in point of fact the doctor has not signed it?

Ought not such a doctor to come off the register for a time?

"But," says the public, "granted all you say, is not the General Medical Council tyrannical? Are not the doctors removed from the register unjustly for trivial offences?"

Impartial justice

Let us see. There are 51,000 doctors on the register. In the last ten years 125 have been before the Council. Out of these only 50 have been struck off, 25 of them because of civil convictions, and 16 have since been restored.

Apart from being striking testimony to the probity of the profession, this is proof of the strict justice administered by the Council.

We come to the case of Mr. Axham. It was never a *cause celebre*. It was an ordinary case of deliberate contravention of established rules.

In 1905 Axham agreed to administer anæsthetics for Mr. Barker, since widely known for his skill in bone-setting. In 1911, a Mr. Thomas, a medical student, brought an action against Mr. Barker for damage for alleged negligence in the performance of operations.

The action was tried in the High Court, and judgment was given for Thomas for £21 and costs. In consequence, Axham was brought before the General Medical Council on a formal complaint by the Medical Defence Union.

He had, by that time, given up private practice, but as he refused to give an undertaking to cease administering anæsthetics for Mr. Barker his name was removed from the register.

A pertinent question

Was Axham a martyr to the "tyranny" and "unreasonableness" of the Council?

It is a curious fact that, although he was removed from the register in 1911, Axham did not apply for restoration until 1925, although it was open to him to make application

The late Mr. Axham

any time in the preceding fourteen years.

It is pertinent also to ask who originated the agitation that suddenly sprang up and to enquire what was the real object behind it.

Now the General Medical Council was powerless to restore Axham to the register until his diplomas were given back by the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh and the Royal College of Surgeons of England. The former complied with his request; the latter did not.

Used as a stalking-horse

Why? Because Axham refused to abide by their regulations and demanded the return of his licence on his own terms.

"But," says the critic, "did not the Council refuse to call a special meeting to consider the case? Was this not an inhuman action in view of the urgency of the matter?

Where was the urgency? Axham was eighty-six, obviously too old to practise, and for fourteen years had not displayed the least desire to have his name restored.

Someone used the old man as a stalking-horse. We think the public should be told who this someone was and why this whole agitation was engineered.

There is another side to the question of calling a special meeting. Will anyone argue that it is usual for a Court of Appeal to be summoned at the wish of the appellant? And to summon it for Axham would have allowed the thirty-four other claimants to make the same request.

We think it is clear that the Axham case was nothing but a carefully engineered myth, and we venture to suggest that the real object of the whole affair was to secure the position of the unqualified osteopaths, to make it possible for them to work openly, backed by the skill of the qualified doctor.

Confidence shaken

Now we have nothing to say against the genuine osteopath. But we do say emphatically that a good osteopath will be an even better osteopath if his "bone-setting" is backed by sound medical knowledge.

And what the public does not know is that there is nothing to stop a doctor saying to his patient, "I think Mr. Jones, the bone-setter, is the man to cure you. I will send you to him and I will personally supervise the treatment."

If the public has a quarrel it is not with the Council for safeguarding its welfare, but with the doctors who allow professional jealousy to deprive their patients of the benefits of osteopathy.

As a result of the Axham agitation the confidence of the public in the justice of the General Medical Council has been shaken.

We have a suggestion to make to the Government that we think it might very usefully adopt.

Good out of evil

There are on the Council five Crown nominees, and one of these retires at the end of this month. The Government should replace him, not by a medical man, but by a layman, as it has the power to do.

A representative of the public at the penal cases heard by the Council would go far to settle once and for all the charge of "tyranny."

It is not an unreasonable suggestion. The Council exists to protect the public. Let the public see if that protection is properly applied.

Finally, we have a suggestion to make to the Council itself. There is so much misapprehension about the position of a doctor who writes for the Press that the time has come for some plain speaking. Let it tell us, in plain English, what a doctor may do.

The Great Axham myth will have achieved a useful purpose at last if it results in these two suggestions being adopted.

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HUNDREDS OF POUNDS RECOVERED

See How They Pay!

IT is one thing to expose a social injustice; it is another thing to find some practical means of redress for the sufferers. In this respect our campaign against the industrial assurance companies is meeting with overwhelming success.

Through the efforts of the JOHN BULL Industrial Assurance Bureau, conducted by Mr. W. E. Mashford, scores of readers are either richer by many pounds or have found themselves with substantial credit balances on the policy books of the insurance companies which otherwise would have been lost for ever.

Take the case of Mr. E. Q. Farrington, of Saxey, Isle of Man. Mr. Farrington took out a life policy for £300 in 1921. For four years he paid premiums which totalled £85 13s. 0d. Being unable to continue the payments he was offered a free policy or cash surrender value of £44.

The policy was lost, and as it was then impossible for the company to find any record, Mr. Farrington received nothing.

A bagful paid!

Now, on the intervention of our Bureau, the company without very much hesitation has agreed to allow Mr. Farrington a free policy value of £100 14s.

Mr. W. A. Townsend, of Elgin Crescent, Ladbroke Grove, London, held five endowment policies for his two children, on which premiums were paid over a period of more than ten years. Last year he was forced to lapse the policies, and although they were due for payment in three years' time he was informed that there was no surrender value.

The result of our intervention has been that the company has allowed cash surrender values of £23 18s. 8d. on five endowment policies, and in addition a free policy value of £5 on a further policy.

In January of 1914 Mr. W. J. Seabrook, of Claverton Street, Pimlico, London, insured his father at a premium of 6d. per week, continuing his payments regularly until 1923, when circumstances compelled him to allow the policies to lapse.

His father died in January, 1924, and although £14 had been paid in premiums, he was unable to receive a single penny from the company. Mr. Seabrook could not take any legal steps to secure what he felt sure was due to him.

Now he has placed the matter in the hands of our Bureau, and almost immediately on our placing the facts before the company it has agreed to pay a sum of £11 14s. less £1 7s., the arrears of premiums.

In December, 1914, Mr. Arthur E. Dines, of Hamilton Road, Colchester, insured his brother at a yearly premium of £3 3s. 9d. The premiums were paid for three years until the end of 1917, when the brother died from wounds received in action.

The company refused to pay any claim in respect of the policy since no official notification had been given of the enlistment of the insured man.

Legally, it was entitled to adopt that attitude, but none the less, the widow of the dead soldier, for whose benefit the policy had been taken out, had a strong moral claim to an *ex gratia* payment.

This point of view we submitted to the company concerned, and it has now replied to say that it is willing, when all formalities are completed, to pay the widow £15 in cash.

A widow's windfall

Another war widow who has reason to be thankful for the formation of our Bureau is Mrs. Alexander, of Crouch End Hill, Crouch End, London.

A policy was taken out on the life of her husband in 1911 at a premium of 1s. 6½d. per month, and the payments were continued until November, 1915, when, owing to the absence of Mr. Alexander on war service, the widow was unable to continue the payments. Mr. Alexander was killed a year later, but no payment was made in respect of the policy.

Now this policy, having been taken out before August, 1914, was covered by the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, which laid down very clearly that no policy could lapse between that period and March, 1923, without special application having been made to the courts.

No such application was made by the company and Mrs. Alexander was entitled to her money. This, amounting to £25, has now been paid in full, less some 17s. arrears of premiums.

Mr. A. T. Galloway, of Dixon Road, Crosshill, Glasgow, commenced to pay a small premium with an insurance company as long ago as March, 1887. He continued to pay on two different policies until July, 1923, when he fell on bad times and allowed his premiums to lapse.

A tragedy averted

He received nothing as the result of all these years of thrift until a few weeks ago, when, after communicating with Mr. Mashford, his case was submitted to the company, to whom it was pointed out that there was a free policy value of £4 13s. on one policy and £4 7s. on another. The total of £9 has now been allowed.

Between 1912 and 1921 Mr. Meade, of Shirley Terrace, Westham, Weymouth, insured the life of his father under three separate policies with a total value of £29 7s. The premiums were paid until June, 1924, when through unemployment he was unable to continue payments.

No lapse notice was sent by the company, and when in January, 1926, the father died a claim was put in for benefit by Mrs. Meade, the husband then being abroad. The claim was disputed, a representative of the company stating that nothing was due owing to the lapsing in 1924.

The matter was still in abeyance when our Bureau was formed and Mrs. Meade was able to avail herself of our advice. The result has been satisfactory and she has now received £29 3s. less the arrears due

These are typical of many cases.

"I have received the £10 from the company," writes Mr. Donald M. Dewar, of Moss Road, Shieldhall, Glasgow, "and now write to tender you my very sincere thanks for all you have done on my behalf. I am quite sure that, but for your intervention, I should never have got anything.

"You will be pleased to know that through receiving this payment a very distressing circumstance has been averted."

That is one testimonial to the work of our Industrial Assurance Bureau. We say without hesitation that there are hundreds of thousands of people in this country who might, if they liked, be in a position to write just such a letter. Are you one of them?

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Added to their fame,
But throughout there's no doubt
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Cut the loss, Man and Boss,
Don't get over-worried,
Let goodwill conquer still,
Get the hatchet buried.

Men of skill sent to till
Lands across the foam,
Yet far and wide on every side
We've vacant lands at home!

Warlike shadows such as these
We must now taboo,
Let them cease—we want peace.
Not a new tattoo!

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Mr. Drage : Well, I am a plain man myself, and the man of moderate means can rely here on value, courtesy and absolute protection for his home.

Mr. Everyman : Well, we've been most courteously treated, your furniture is just what we need, and the protection of the New Drage Way takes worry and anxiety off my shoulders.

Mr. Drage : Exactly. I give you a written guarantee that if through adverse circumstances you can't continue paying, you keep what you have paid for, less a fair and reasonable deduction for use and cartage, and only return what you have not paid for.

Mr. Everyman : Just the protection against bad luck we wanted. Now we've chosen £85 worth of furniture. Would a payment of £8 now and 40/- a month afterwards be acceptable?

Mr. Drage : Most acceptable, Mr. Everyman, and all the furniture will be delivered to your house at Earlsfield to-morrow.

Mr. Everyman : One other question, Mr. Drage. I chose a sideboard at £10. Is that all I pay or do you add anything for credit?

Mr. Drage : Not a single penny. £10 is all you pay. Nothing is added to our marked prices for credit. You've chosen £85 of our furniture at our plain marked prices, and £85 is all you pay—not a penny more.

Mr. Everyman : And references you don't want.

Mr. Drage : A forbidden topic here, Mr. Everyman. Now your free Fire and Life Policy will be issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co. and sent you at once, and our men will lay all floor coverings free.

Mr. Everyman : We've enjoyed every minute of our visit here, Mr. Drage. We couldn't have been more courteously and liberally treated if we'd been spending a thousand pounds. Drage's is the place for the man of moderate means.

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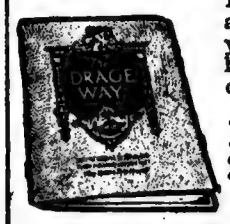

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by PHILIP INMAN

THERE are stranger things in life than ever happen in fiction. Vicissitudes of fortune frequently find their level with the passing of time. Lives that drift apart come together again through the happening of events associated with everyday life

A RICH MAN REMEMBERS

The Love that Lived

A LITTLE before noon to-day, I made my way to one of the famous Inns associated with the legal profession. It was in response to this entry in my appointment book: "Mr. F. A. _____, solicitor, Gray's Inn Square, 12 o'clock."

The office was on the third floor, and as I mounted the dull and dismal stairway (I wonder why it is that solicitors' offices have such a forbidding aspect?) I thought of the object of my visit. I was admitted at once into the inner sanctuary where two men were waiting to greet me.

The first was the solicitor himself, and his cold, precise manner stamped him as a man devoid of sentiment. His native air was the rigid atmosphere of the law, and there was no room in his make-up for the kindlier emotions of life.

The second man was the head of an important firm of stockbrokers in the City.

I had met him often in the last few weeks, and I had learned to regard him with respect and admiration. He was a business man from head to foot, but he had a sympathetic nature and a heart as tender as a woman's.

Law's cold logic

We had met for the purpose of executing a deed of trust, and as the solicitor gabbled out the stereotyped phraseology of the law, I allowed my mind to wander.

That stuffy office, with its imposing array of deed-boxes, faded away, and in its place I pictured a little cottage in the country.

It was a tiny little dwelling, with only two or three rooms, but there were beautiful flowers in the garden, and a ceaseless chorus of song from the birds in the trees around. Over it all peace and contentment perpetually prevailed.

My vision was disturbed by the solicitor exclaiming icily: "There is really no need for you to make any provision." "But it pleases me to do it, and I insist," came the firm retort of the stockbroker. Those words brought me back to the world of realities.

Three months ago a young man, who acted as chauffeur-handyman to this London stockbroker, was cleaning the windows of his employer's house, when he overbalanced and fell into the garden a distance of 30 ft. He was picked up unconscious and carried into the local cottage hospital.

A ghastly prospect

When he came round he complained of an injury to his back; and it was only after an X-ray examination that its seriousness was ascertained. His spine was fractured, which meant that in all probability he would never walk again.

What a ghastly prospect for a young man of twenty-six, the only support of a widowed and invalid mother. To his eternal credit, it was not of himself he thought when the tragic tidings were gently broken to him.

His anxiety was for the bedridden woman he tenderly called mother, and for the girl who was shortly to become his wife.

He might have spared himself any trouble about that girl, for it was only a few days after his admission to hospital, when his life was still in danger, that she wrote a brief note saying that she no longer considered herself engaged to him.

Not by a sign did he betray his feelings, but there is a grief which is born not of words.

In his tragic misfortune, this young man found in his employer a friend in need.

The amount received from the workmen's compensation insurance was supplemented by a generous gift.

Philip Inman

He went even further, he bought and furnished for this man and his mother a little cottage in Kent, and the trust-deed I have witnessed to-day assures them of sufficient to meet their needs as long as they live.

A different world

As this stockbroker left that solicitor's office I expressed my appreciation of his kindly act. "What a different world it would be," I said, "if every employer showed the same consideration to his servants!"

For a moment he was silent. Then very quietly he said: "He is not a servant—he is the son of a woman who might have been my wife."

The Sentence of the Court

THE RAG-AND-GAG GAZETTE

Winston's Penny Trumpet

WEARING a celluloid eye-shade and carrying a blue pencil and a large pair of scissors, evidently in the hope of being mistaken for a real live editor, Winston Churchill pleaded "Not guilty" when charged under the Dangerous Drugs Act with peddling dope.

"This prosecution," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "has been postponed, so that there could be no suggestion of seeking to embarrass either a responsible or irresponsible Minister during the troublous period from which, happily, the nation has now emerged.

"Now, however, that the strike is over, some strictures are certainly called for upon the dope-peddling activities of the accused as editor of the *British Gazette*.

"When many regular newspapers had to cease publication, while others came out in a sadly emaciated form, an official organ to keep the public informed of the state of affairs in the country was eminently desirable; but it cannot be said that the accused carried out his editorial duties either with dignity or impartiality.

"Instead of offering an unbiassed chronicle of the events of the day, he spent public money in carrying on crude improperganda work on behalf of the political Party with which he has lately become identified.

"In instituting a lock-out against the Archbishop of Canterbury, when he wrote a letter suggesting a basis for peace, the accused was guilty of abusing the power of the suppress in much the same manner as had previously earned reprobation for the T.U.C.; while his habit of publishing Parliamentary reports deliberately designed to give a bat-eyed view of debates and hold his political opponents up to ridicule called forth the disapproval of all fair-minded, and well-informed readers."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the justification of Mr. Churchill's venture into journalism was that the *British Gazette* had cost the taxpayers only about £10,000 and in a remarkably short time had acquired an enormous circulation.

Obviously (counsel continued) a four-page paper could not find space for everything, and among the items which had been crowded out or severely subedited were the Archbishop of Canterbury's appeal, Lord Oxford's criticism of the Government and Sir John Simon's peace suggestions.

* * *

"It is notorious," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that a jack-of-all-trades is master of none, and as the prisoner, in addition to being numerous varieties of politician, has from time to time occupied the limelight as author and artist, as a naval strategist at Ostend and a would-be field-marshal at Houndsditch, it was inevitable that he should seek to add to his list of failures in these capacities by failing as an editor.

"Admittedly the *British Gazette*, during its brief and inglorious career, achieved the largest circulation of any comic paper in the country.

"Not the least of the blessings associated with the ending of the strike was the unregretted demise of this Churchillarious production.

"I must direct that any further journalistic contributions by the prisoner be declined without thanks and that his editorial reputation (which will be found in the waste-paper basket into which he dropped the Archbishop of Canterbury's letter) be conveyed forthwith to the pulping mill."

"I Had ECZEMA from Elbows to Finger Tips"

Says Mr. E. TIMMS, 3, Salem Place, Bath Road, Exeter

Recent photo of Mr. E. Timms.

"The trouble started with little white-headed pimples. These burst and caused the disease to spread until my skin, from elbows to finger-tips, was in its grip. Night and day a tormenting itch was my lot and at times I couldn't get a wink of sleep.

"My hands were swathed in bandages, and to add to my worries, I was at home from work for six weeks. During the three months I suffered I tried several ointments, besides having a good spell of doctor's treatment. But I got no relief. Then I was advised to try Zam-Buk. The first dressings brought wonderful ease from the maddening irritation.

"The discharge ceased and when I took the bandages off dry scales came away. To my great joy new skin gradually covered my arms and hands until there wasn't a trace of the terrible eczema. Zam-Buk is wonderful!"

Zam-Buk

The unequalled remedy for eczema, ulcers, psoriasis, impetigo, boils, abscesses, piles, poisoned wounds, bad legs, ulcers, ringworm, children's skin and scalp sores, dandruff, scurf, shaving soreness, sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, etc. Keep Zam-Buk always handy, 1/3 and 3/- (family size) box. You should also try Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap, 1/- a cake. All chemists and stores.

Shall I Buy It?

A QUESTION we often ask ourselves and one that is, at times, difficult to answer. We know that nobody should spend money without first thinking. If we can, we should arrange our spending so as to leave something over for saving. Then comes the further question. What are we to do with our Savings? That's easily answered. My friends and I find it best to buy—

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10% Discount for cash.
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(Deducted from full amount of order.)
No interest added.

New design Oak Bedroom Suite, polished a rich antique brown or light fumed colour. Comprising 3 ft. Wardrobe fitted with brass rod and hooks inside, 2 ft. 9 in. Dressing Chest with large oval mirror, 2 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and towel rail, and one rush seat chair ... **£16-17-6**

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We have no Branches.

This space has been taken by Boots The Chemists for the expression of the opinions of well-known people, concerning the activities of the firm.

A MODEL ENTERPRISE.

By Mrs. Philip Snowden.

A GOOD deal is being spoken and written in these days about the obligation upon British citizens to buy British goods. It is presumed, of course, that such goods will be as good in quality and as cheap in price as those of the foreign competitor. But that is surely not the whole of the story.

British goods are not necessarily good because they are British. There is a difference between one British employer and another. The British housewife wants to be quite sure that the goods she buys in a British store are produced under the best possible conditions. The British mother, if she be wise, is anxious that the wages which her boy, or girl, is earning are Trade Union rates and earned in a healthful, helpful atmosphere.

It has been my privilege to visit many great industrial undertakings in this and other countries and to explore the conditions under which their employees work. A few days ago, through the courtesy of the Management of Boots Pure Drug Company, Ltd., in Nottingham, I was able to see a great deal of the methods by which their drugs are produced and the conditions in which the employees worked. I had often wondered what was at the back of those bright, well-organised 770 retail shops of this great firm which are scattered all over the country. Now I know. It is impossible to speak too highly of the spirit which permeates this great undertaking, from the Heads to the humblest worker within its walls; and that is the important thing in these days of suspicion and hate.

I passed through department after department—a noteworthy feature everywhere being the scrupulous cleanliness and quiet orderliness of everything. Young chemists in white overalls and bright girls with white caps on their hair in addition to the big covering pinafores, were busy investigating, testing, cleansing in the one case; packing, pasting, filling in the other; all engaged in the various processes of production, and not an exhausted look on a single face, no atmosphere of strain anywhere, but quiet talk and even an occasional unrebuked song making the place happy and cheery.

It was certainly a new experience for me to see the eyes of a girl employee brighten and her cheeks flush with pleasure when I was moved to praise her employers. Young women spoke their pride in their work and older women boasted of having been ten, fourteen, twenty years with the firm. When, through the permission of the Management and when I was alone with them, I asked some employees to tell me in strictest confidence all they thought about their employers, there was nothing but praise. It was noteworthy that one handsome, well-dressed girl in a bright little speech, told me that one of the best-liked girls in the employment of Boots is a bottle-washer. They seem to have exorcised the spirit of snobbery.

I heard of departmental pride and rivalry in excellence, joined to a most harmonious working of the whole towards one end, the good name and prosperity of the business with which they are associated.

Standard conditions of wages and hours are observed, the greatest care is taken to fit the men or women to the job, and all are made to feel that this is theirs and it is up to them to make it go.

Were this spirit universal in industry, there would be little of the fiercer kind of industrial trouble. When master and man feel kinship in prosperity they will not desert each other in adversity.

Words Winged to Women

GIVEN the right education of our children, there is much cause for optimism. It is necessary that the parents co-operate with the State, for in their hands much of the teaching lies.

THE WOMAN PAYS AGAIN

by MABEL HORNER

AFTER the storm, the calm. The great industrial upheaval has passed. But it has left in its wake a trail of privation and suffering. This falls heaviest upon the women and little children.

Nevertheless, we must forget. There are brighter days ahead than any we have known. Women must respond to the Prime Minister's exhortation to every one to look forward with hope, and forbear reproaches about things best dropped into the past,

All of us are poorer in pocket for the great strike. But I believe we are richer in understanding. We have emerged with a new respect for one another. We may thank God for the absence of class bitterness from the late struggle.

A few fools there always are, and I fear there always will be. But only the most obstinate and misguided will fail to see how little of real rancour there is in our midst. There is instead a very general atmosphere of good temper and goodwill and sympathy with suffering.

Fruits of education

How to do this while avoiding utter national destruction is what is included in the word "reconstruction." In this reconstruction period women are called upon to play their part.

The splendid reserves of strength and stability and self-restraint exhibited already are products of a certain kind of education. An educated people does not lash itself, at the least sign of trouble, into an excited mob. But a people still better educated will do more than merely keep itself in order. *It will so order and arrange its social life as to prevent the trouble from recurring.*

Let us be optimistic. The young people of to-day are composed of splendid stuff. Six thousand boys and girls on the live register of the employment exchanges of Great Britain have been interviewed by the Ministry of Labour in its endeavour to "present a composite picture of the average boy and girl out of work."

Cheering conclusions

The conclusions reached are unexpectedly and cheeringly good. Nearly 70 per cent. were of good physique, and 84 per cent. in good health and less than 2 per cent. definitely in poor health. Only 2 per cent. of the girls and less than 6 per cent. of the boys were found "slovenly"—one up to the girls!

But there are over six million boys and girls under fourteen years of age still in our elementary schools. They are being educated by a process which costs the nation more than £72,000,000 a year, a sum which some people think far too much, and others, with better understanding, know to be sadly too little.

Parents should ask themselves how far they are co-operating with the State to make the education effective. On this point, Sir Michael Sadler, the Master of University College, Oxford, in his book, "Our Public Elementary Schools," is most insistent.

He points out that if we had the best trained teachers right through these schools, and if we had in every school the type of building and equipment we know we ought to have, the teachers would still have control of the children less than a quarter of their waking hours.

"The years before a child is old enough to go to school are the years which count most in their effect upon his steps towards knowledge and self-control. Mother-care and father-care can be the strongest influences in training."

Dame Louisa Lumsden, D.B.E., LL.D., a pioneer in the education of girls, who in her 86th year still lectures to village women

The new State will rest upon justice, but justice cannot be founded upon mob law. It must be built up step by step in orderly progression.

Its education must deal with character as well as intellect. It must recognise and combat idleness, ignorance and sin. It must be encouraged to go on educating itself after school-leaving age is reached. It must know that when a high level of peace and prosperity is reached whose hands have built it and in whose lies its keeping.

Well may all parents and teachers together pray, "More brain! O Lord, more brain!" or we shall mar utterly this fair garden we might win!"

A City's Shame

by MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON. *(Author of "In Darkest London")*

BRITAIN'S slums are a standing disgrace to our country. The slums of London are notorious all over the world for their evil, but London is by no means the only offender.

There are acres of slums in Portsmouth far worse than any I have seen in London. Some of the houses are well over a hundred years old and were condemned thirty to forty years ago. They still remain inhabited, however, and the rents derived from them are considerable.

Let us start at Taylor's Court, Clapperton Court and Mundy Court, Portsea, adjoining a narrow alley facing a blank wall. There are four rooms in each house, and in some cases a family in each room. There is one outside lavatory for nineteen families and water is supplied only from an outside tap.

The rooms average 8 ft. by 7 ft. on the ground floor, 6 ft. by 6 ft. upstairs. Few of the roofs are weathertight, and the floor boards are defective. The rent of these hovels averages 7s. 6d. a week.

IF the conditions in these courts and in Wellington Place are bad, Southampton Row is infinitely worse. Here I found an ex-soldier with a wife and three children in one room. He rents two rooms at 8s. a week, but cannot use the second as the holes in the floorboards are so big that the children would fall into the cellar and be killed.

Further, the walls are rotten with damp and the grate is broken. The front room in which the family live is let "furnished," with a table, two chairs and a flock mattress.

The landlord has been approached many times as to the condition of the back room. He claims, however, that he is not responsible. He lets the whole house to a "deputy" who rackrents the tenants to a pretty tune.

This deputy business is one of the curses of Portsmouth.

IN Blossom Place, Blossom Alley, an old-age pensioner, with a total income of 12s. 6d. a week, pays 4s. 4d. for two rooms, 6 ft. by 6 ft., and only one is usable, owing to defective floorboards and a leaking roof. One lavatory serves for all the houses in the alley, and the water supply is outside.

In St. George's Passage you walk in terror of your life. The house, occupied by a sailor's wife, is in imminent danger of falling to pieces. Tread softly, or you tread upon air. Here the "deputy" boarded up the window and without light or air the room is uninhabitable.

Here also the walls are so damp that the wall paper bulges, even by the fireplace. The coppers for washing, erected for the use of the tenants, are broken, and the chimney, which smokes violently, is set so near to the adjoining house that the roof gets red hot.

The above examples are not isolated. They are samples of hundreds of hovels, not only in Portsea but in the centre of the town. The congestion, the lack of sanitation and the decay are altogether unspeakable.

There is no reason why this state of things should continue. The destruction of the slums need not mean the dehousing of the population. Acres and acres of land in Portsmouth, owned by the War Office, are occupied by barracks and departmental buildings, which have been unoccupied and condemned for over thirty years.

The site of the Pay Office in White Heart's Row, Old Portsmouth, alone could afford accommodation for hundreds of working-class families.

Then there is a large piece of ground formerly used as a Military Families' Hospital, the Old Brewery in St. George's Square, and the numerous slaughter-houses adjoining dwelling-houses.

FURTHERMORE there are barracks in a state of good preservation which stand empty for lack of troops. The Army has been steadily cut down for some years.

These barracks would house the decent men and women and their children condemned for the moment to live in conditions a dog would not be called upon to endure.

The Corporation of Portsmouth insist that they cannot build owing to the price of land. The answer is that plenty of ground is available, but the War Office withholds it.

Don't ride a boneshaker

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It might have been a happy evening—

BUT the "Invisible Enemy" was there. His name is Halitosis, and he is the insidious destroyer of Social Success. Halitosis (Unpleasant Breath) is a most peculiar and remarkable physical drawback, inasmuch as NOT ONE IN A 100 PEOPLE WHO ARE VICTIMS OF IT ARE AWARE OF THEIR AFFLICTION. It is the invisible enemy of millions—a relentless and insidious foe to Social and Business Success.

People of lovable disposition, of commanding intellect, of winning beauty and charm are often acutely sensitive and "hurt" to feel themselves subtly isolated in company.

Breath as Sweet as the Spring Breezes

To-day, however, we are fortunate in the great new discovery of "Junofloris" Spring Breath, a wonderful combination of antiseptic deodorants in tablet form that give the breath the sweet and fragrant freshness of the Spring Breezes.

This new discovery "Junofloris" is no mere scented cachou, but a perfect antiseptic Deodorant, Mouth Cleanser and Breath Purifier available at a very modest price.

—All who have Unpleasant Breath,
—All who wear Artificial Teeth,
—All who have Hollow or Stopped Teeth,
—All who retain a "Taste" after Meals, and
—All Smokers (Male and Female)

should take a "Junofloris" Spring Breath Tablet or two daily. Carry "Junofloris" with you everywhere. The cost is trifling

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7½D. & 1/1½D. PER BOX, POST FREE.

Send TO-DAY to **JUNOFLORIS SPRING BREATH CO.**
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IF YOU HAVE NOT ALREADY TRIED "JUNOFLORIS" SPRING BREATH SEE COUPON FOR A FREE TRIAL SUPPLY.

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FREE TRIAL COUPON

Cut out this Coupon and send with your name and address and 1d. stamp for postage, and by return you will receive an absolutely FREE TRIAL SUPPLY. Any Reader is thus entitled to test and prove the great value of "Junofloris" FREE.

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1,000,000 FOUR-FOLD HAIR-BEAUTY OUTFITS FREE AND PARTICULARS OF £10,000 PROFIT-SHARING SCHEME.

A GREAT wave of enthusiasm for the wonderfully successful two-minutes-a-day "Harlene - Hair-Drill" method of overcoming all kinds of handicapping hair troubles and for perfecting the natural beauty of the hair is sweeping the country.

All over the world men, women, and even children are finding "Harlene-Hair-Drill" as essential to the perfect health and beauty of their hair as are cleanliness, fresh air and food for the well-being of the body.

GREAT "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL" BOOM

More than ever before, people are realising how great a help is hair beauty, and how severe a handicap is unlovely or unattractive hair, that to-day is witnessing a veritable "boom" in "Harlene - Hair - Drill." Its popularity is world-wide and ever-increasing, because its simplicity is as astonishing as its success. Whether the hair be "worn" long or short, "bobbed" or "unbobbed," "shingled" or "unshingled," "Harlene-Hair-Drill" will enrich it in health and appearance, and give you a wealth of gleaming and glorious hair.

—Not a single weak hair will remain.
—Not a trace of over-greasiness will be left.
—Over-dryness will no longer "rot" the hair.
—Brittle hair will cease to break and split.
—Hair will stop "falling out."
—Scurf and scalp irritation will disappear.

Each Gift Parcel contains:—

1.—A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.

2.—A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo, which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp and prepares the hair for "Hair-Drill." "Cremex" helps the hair to keep wavy.

3.—A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair. Especially beneficial if the scalp is over-dry.

4.—The new Illustrated "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

The Free "Hair Drill" package brings new hope *Men find it refreshing and invigorating.*

If people who have never tried "Harlene-Hair-Drill" knew the enormous difference it makes, this fine morning toilet exercise would be an even greater national practice.

Then with the complete Hair - Growing Outfit comes the particulars of the £10,000 Profit - Sharing Gifts Distribution Scheme.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo, 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3s. and 5s. per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

"HAIR-DRILL" GUARANTEE

With every free Outfit it is explained how, if for any reason you are dissatisfied with any "Hair-Drill" preparation subsequently purchased, the price is refunded in full.

"HARLENE" FREE-GIFT FORM

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address. JOHN BULL, 29.5.26.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above.

(Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY, enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" Hair Colour Restorer will also be sent you.

FOOT TORTURE
Reudel Bath Saltrates
MORE THAN A BATH SALT.
Medicates and oxygenates the water to an extent which expert chemists and the highest medical authorities have never been able to improve upon.
RAPID—EFFICIENT—SAFE.
Without oxygen even life itself could not exist, and the science of medicine has perfected many uses for its wonderful refreshing, healing and antiseptic properties. When sore, tender feet burn, smart, swell, and perspire, or when the arches tire and ache so every step means such pain that you fear fallen arches, just try resting the feet for a few moments in the medicated and oxygenated water produced by adding a handful of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** compound to a foot bath. See how quickly this cools and refreshes tender skin, while it draws all the pain and soreness out of aching muscles or sensitive joints. The real and lasting foot comfort is so gratifying that no one can fully appreciate such amazing effects until they are actually felt. The feet will soon be rendered so strong and healthy that they prove capable of bearing any reasonable strain ever likely to be placed upon them. All Chemists keep the refined Reudel Bath Saltrates compound ready put up in convenient and very inexpensive packets. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of foot troubles and keep them so.

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WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES
MALTED AND TOASTED
ONCE-TWICE-THRICE WRAPPED
READY COOKED
TESTED JB
FREE SAMPLE OF "FORCE"
Sign and tear out this Coupon Post it to (Dept. 2a), A. C. Fincken & Co., 197, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1. A *free sample* will be sent you in return.
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Human Documents

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first three letters printed.

The Boy with Two Mothers

Tragedy of Drink—An Unworthy Parent—A Wife's Blunder

"MY problem appears to be one which it would tax the wisdom of Solomon to solve, and in presenting it to you I only hope that at least you may be able to bring some consolation to my breaking heart, a heart breaking with mother love, though I was never a mother.

"It was in the year that started the Great War that the great tragedy of my life commenced. I was then a lonely soul, the wife of a man who was almost continuously abroad and my longing for children had never been satisfied.

"I was asked by the doctor who was then attending me whether I would consider taking over the care of a child which was shortly to be born to an unmarried mother.

"My life was so empty that I gladly consented, especially as I was assured that the baby would, in fact, become my own, my own to love and live for, and, as I have since thought, to die for, if necessary.

"The day the baby was born it was handed over to me and as its tiny fingers grasped my own it entwined itself about my heart with cords that I feel can never be broken.

"For twelve years that child has remained mine and I fully believe will remain mine to all eternity, yet now I am left desolate, deprived of the one consolation of my years of widowhood by an insane law that has stepped in to sever me from the object of my love.

"THE natural mother of the child provided, somewhat indifferently, for its maintenance, but took no trouble regarding its welfare, and never even saw it for twelve years. Two years after the infant was placed in my arms, the mother married the father and at that time I was given a renewed assurance that the baby would always be mine.

"Not long after I was bereft of my husband by the cruel hand of war and a little later the baby's father was killed in action.

"You, 'Humanist,' I feel sure, can understand what my feelings were at that time and how my whole soul became centred in the welfare of the little one that had been committed to my care.

"The natural mother of the boy found her consolation in a second husband, who presently died, leaving her well provided for, so far as this world's goods are concerned.

"I, in comparative poverty, had no comfort but the boy who had learned to call me mother. It may seem incredible to you, but it is a fact that apparently the one thing the other widow coveted was my sole source of comfort, and it was not long before I was asked to surrender his custody to her.

"I FOUGHT with all the fierceness and intensity of a mother to retain my boy—*my* boy, as he will always be; but after protracted legal proceedings I was informed that I had no legal right to retain him and he was torn away from me, leaving me with my heart bleeding.

"He was sent many miles away to school, but he contrived to write to me and assure me that until his dying day I would always be mother to him, and that it would be his life work to repay me for the affection I had bestowed upon him in his childhood.

"Crueller than ever, the men of law intervened and insisted that all correspondence between us should cease, and now I have not only my own loneliness and sorrow to support, but must bear the ever-present thought that my darling is, himself, breaking his heart at not being able to communicate with me.

"Is there no remedy for this sort of thing, 'Humanist'? If he lives, as I pray God he will, I know my lad will at last return to me, but what sort of law is it that inflicts such terrible torture upon two loving hearts?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Your story is indeed a tragedy, one of those tragedies which the Adoption of Children Bill now before Parliament is expressly designed to avert. You may find consolation in the fact that at the age of fourteen, not so very long hence, the boy who calls you mother will be free to make his home where he pleases and will, no doubt, return to you. His natural mother may apply to have him made a ward of court, but I venture to hope that out of consideration for his happiness, she will not press matters to such an extreme, but allow him to follow where his own affections lead.*

* * *

Daddy and Drink

"EVER since I can remember I have seen nothing but poverty through drink, being the eldest of a family of six and never having known what a comfortable home was.

"My mother was drunk all through the war while my father was away at the front, and at the age of sixteen I left home because I could not stand the conditions any longer.

"I was married early in life and at twenty-five years of age I am the mother of four children.

"My husband has taken to coming home drunk night after night, and though he gives me sufficient to keep house, his one idea appears to be to get away from home to spend the time with his drinking pals.

"I get little amusement, though my husband is glad enough if I will go out with him and drink in public-houses, but I have seen so much of the misery caused through drunken parents that it is torture to me.

"Some people advise me to go with him on these sprees, but I am in terror of what it may lead to. Should I humour him in this way or not?"

"HUMANIST" says:—*Do not risk falling into your husband's bad habits, but try to make your home so comfortable that he will find little additional attraction outside. Let him have his pint at home if he wants it and try to give him little extra treats in the way of food to make him realise that it pays to keep out of the pubs.*

Cash for Comfort

THE thousands of "Humanist's" correspondents who have derived comfort from the sage counsel given by him, either on this page or through the post, can best show their thankfulness in a practical manner by sending a subscription, however small, to the "Greatest of These—" Fund, which relieves the distress of those to whom the wisest advice is of little use without cash to provide for their wants. (See page 88.)

"SOME years ago a Londoner married a girl from the country. They had five children, then he deserted her. An order was made against him. In complying with this he gave as much trouble as he possibly could.

Unknown Father

"Years later he turned up and outside the door one bitterly cold winter's night pleaded to be taken back. This was foolishly done. The order, of course, became useless. The man ran up a lot of debts in the town and cleared off again.

"After this the girl's family brought up the children. The girl herself became ill and died. The children are grown up and are now working.

"Now comes another pitiful letter from the husband saying that he sees all in a different light and wishes to come back.

"The children who were young at the time do not understand. I really think they would like to know a father. We do not know what he is doing.

"I cannot but think he is out of work. I feel sure the man is a thorough scamp."

"HUMANIST" says:—*If you feel sure that the man is a thorough out-and-out scamp, I do not see how you can possibly advise the children to receive him. Interview him yourself as a friend of the family and make sure on the point. If your worst fears are realised no great harm will be done if the children decline to acknowledge him, seeing that they have always regarded themselves as orphans.*

* * *

A Blackmailing Cad

"Though married I have been foolish enough to enter into an intimate correspondence with a young man whom I met at a dance and now to my horror he has suggested that if I do not give in to him or buy the letters back, he will show them to my husband."

"Humanist" says:—*Such conduct is sheer blackmail and you should tell the cad that if he worries you further you will go straight to the police.*

The Dead Past

"Early in life I was deserted by a man who had betrayed me, but as my child was still-born no one knew of my trouble when I moved to another district. I am now happily married, with three lovely children, but my conscience troubles me at times as to whether I ought to tell my husband of the past."

"Humanist" says:—*I think you are needlessly distressing yourself. The point to consider is whether it would make for your family happiness if you told your husband, and on the whole I am inclined to think that you should let the dead past remain buried.*

The Quiver Full

"After being married five years I have three children. My means will not allow of making proper provision for the future of more, and my wife and I agree that our family should be limited, for the present at any rate. Unfortunately, in this remote part of the country it is difficult to get information on the subject."

"Humanist" says:—*I think your determination in the circumstances is wise and prudent. The Secretary, The New Generation League, 31, Palace Street, Westminster, S.W. 1, will send you, free, full information regarding birth control.*

Relief from
Indigestion

Some indication of the value of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges for indigestion may be gathered from the opinions quoted below.

DEEP-SEATED INDIGESTION.—"There is one thing I shall always be thankful for—the sample of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges you sent me. Having suffered agonies with deep-seated indigestion, since an illness in 1914, it is marvellous how they have benefited me and proved an absolute god-send."

HEARTBURN.—"I have found them not merely palliative in a severe case of Heartburn lasting more than six months, but an actual cure. I can now take ordinary food, and wish to express my entire satisfaction with so efficacious and pleasant a remedy."

INDIGESTION and NEURALGIC PAINS.—"I am glad to tell you that Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges have given relief in even the most severe attacks of indigestion, complicated by neuralgic pains in the chest and round the heart. I have never met with any other remedy so completely successful."

GASTRITIS AND ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.—"For years I have been a sufferer from gastritis and acute dyspepsia, attending doctors and taking most things advertised, but have found nothing so effective and curing as your lozenges."

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/- of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

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Deep-seated Skin Trouble of 20 years' standing completely cured by Germolene.

Mrs. Andrews, of 13, Tidemore Street, Stewart's Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8, testifies as follows: "My leg was just a raw mass with wounds so deep they seemed to go to the bone, and for twenty-one years the pain and irritation were awful. I couldn't get a night's rest, and though I spent pounds on treatment nothing did me any good until I tried Germolene. The first dressing gave relief, and one tin worked wonders. In about three months my leg was absolutely cured, and it has never troubled me since. I go about as well as ever, and feel so grateful that I should like to tell every sufferer."

Mrs. H. Andrews.

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For any and every meal time occasion

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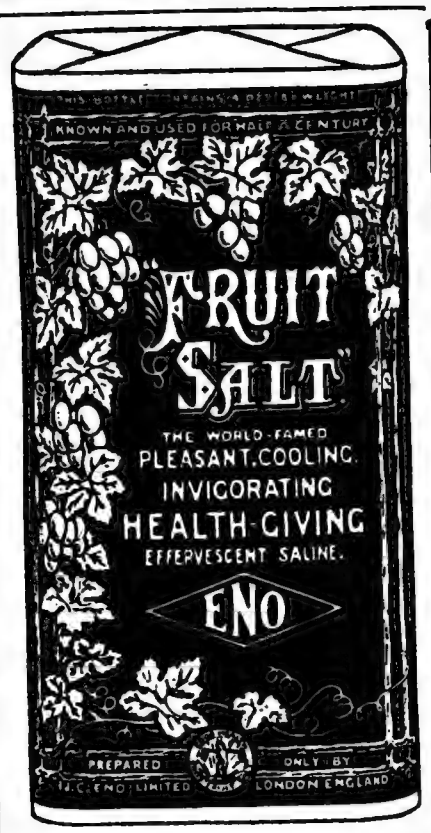

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Our Letter Parliament

Back to Sanity

Public 'Phones—Cheaper Post—Patent Robbery

Good from Evil

The greatest strike in our history has followed the greatest war, and the conditions of the people under each has been in some ways similar. Good sometimes comes of evil, and, as a result, the war produced the League of Nations. Can the strike produce a similar fruit? Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's recent article may give us a clue. If, by the establishment of an Industrial Parliament, strikes could be made a thing of the past, truly great good would have resulted from the General Strike.—*R. P. Seymour, Sunderland.*

Communism's Death-blow

If one thing more than another is proved by the strike, it is the utter failure of Communist teaching among the British workers. Communism is opposed to common-sense, and common-sense won the victory. During the time the strike lasted the British worker had the opportunity for thinking for himself, and this thinking, combined with the chaos and suffering that he saw around him, drove him to the conclusion that never again would he be so foolishly gulled. On this point alone, there is real cause for rejoicing.—*Trade Unionist, London.*

The Useless Strike

Hats off to the Government! It forcibly told the trade union leaders that it would not be dictated to, and with the invaluable aid of volunteers has triumphantly carried the nation through the recent crisis. The T.U.C. displayed a disastrous lack of forethought in calling a general strike, which, after involving a vast amount of misery and expense, proved absolutely useless to the miners' cause. However, now that it is over, let us sink our differences and strive together in the interests of industrial peace.—*G. A. Wood, Holmfirth.*

A Horrible Fortnight

The general strike has opened our eyes to many things—one of the most startling being the realisation of the community's dependence on the Press as an absolute necessity for the maintenance of a sane and civilised existence. Without its aid we are left in isolated groups at the mercy of rumours, scares and false reports of every description. This horrible JOHN BULL-less fortnight has made your readers realise the value of their favourite paper more than ever before.—*One of the Million, Edinburgh.*

Anti-War Strike

It has been suggested that the strike was an example of passive resistance which could make war impossible in the future. What a fallacy! Human nature being what it is, war will continue, despite the pious platitudes of International Peace Societies or League of Nations. A passive resistance strike would merely facilitate an enemy invasion of these shores, when the workers would be promptly forced to work—and not under trade-union conditions.—*Anti-War, Tottenham.*

A National Benefit

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's idea of an Industrial Parliament is worthy of the attention of all who are desirous of maintaining the nation's industries. Mutual co-operation between Capital and Labour is the only solution for preventing continual industrial upheavals, and in such an assembly, representing all interests, agreements could be arrived at that would be beneficial not only to both sides, but also to the nation at large.—*Anthony Dobbins, Halifax.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Wasted Millions

To the careful observer, with business instinct, there appears to have been considerable lack of vision on each side of the contending parties in the coal trouble. Although £21,000,000 have already been spent on the mine workers a strike has not been averted. If half of that sum had been expended on improved plant, the matter might have been settled satisfactorily to the benefit of the nation, and more especially to the miners themselves. —*J. H. F., Brockley.*

King Coal Dethroned

The miners state their wages are inadequate; considering their arduous and dangerous calling, they are. The owners aver the mines are working at a loss; the majority are not, although their profits couldn't stand much reduction. The Government quite reasonably refuse to subsidise a private industry. What then is the solution? In my opinion, there is none. Coal-mining is a dying industry, and oil and electricity are gradually and effectively ousting coal from its premier position.—*Schiavoni, Glasgow.*

Purse Pouncers

The general strike had no sooner been declared than the ramp in foodstuffs began. The excuse was the shortage of supplies delivered owing to the strike! What hypocrites some Britishers are. No sooner does a national crisis arise than ghouls of the type mentioned above pounce on the housewives' purse to add to their gains. The time has come when the Government should settle with this robbery by jailing the food speculators. —*A. B., Leicester.*

A Paradox

For long the voice of Labour has raised the cry "No More War." Yet the very leaders who prate so glibly of peace did not hesitate to plunge the country into the vortex of an industrial war. The general strike caused hardship and suffering to thousands. Was ever a war less justified? Let those who demand international peace give evidence of their good faith by striving for industrial peace. Let them remember that a strike may well be as wicked as a war.—*Ex-Union, N. London.*

Rung Off

It is curious in this enlightened country that the ruling powers and the public generally should be so indifferent to the lack of public telephone-boxes. This does not affect London, for it is an easy matter to discover a railway station, but out in the provinces, in large towns even, it is sometimes a matter of thirty minutes' walk to find a station that has not shut down for the night. Even tobacconists who exhibit public call-office notices have to close down.—*A. Clifford, London.*

Shopkeepers' Plight

There is a great deal of sympathy shown to the working man whose wages are gradually being cut down and who may be at present out of employment. But what of the small business man? Should he be up against it owing to slack trade during a strike there is no trade union to keep him, but he may have the honour of letting his goods go on the credit system, and waiting for or even losing his money. —*One-man Business, Bucks.*

Empire Penny Post

The Canadian Government has decided to adopt its pre-war use of penny postage. It would be a good plan if we could have an Empire penny postage scheme. It would be good for trade and commerce, and would materially benefit all the countries concerned.—*F. B., Ontario.*

Senseless Salvage

The German battleship *Hindenburg* has been raised from the depths. It is a fine piece of salvage work, and there the fineness ends. When she is sold for scrap, she will not realise one-third the cost it has taken to raise her. Surely the money would be better applied in raising some of the human hulks of our own ex-Navy men from the depths of unemployment than throwing it away in dragging up the rusty German fleet.—*L. Laister, Goole.*

Brain Robbers

Mr. E. R. Thompson, in his article on "Brain Pickers," refers to the picking of other people's brains. Admittedly there is nothing contemptible about learning, nor in the ability to pick up ideas, but what about the men who receive suggestions, or see drawings or working models from others and pooh-pooh the ideas, and yet who later on have taken out patents and reaped huge fortunes while the men whose brains have been picked get nothing?—*P. H. Howard, Doncaster.*

Life for Life

Canon Donaldson does not say that if he should lose by foul murder one dearest to himself he would be willing to forgive and be one of the first to sign a petition for reprieve of the guilty one. I am not surprised at him quoting such places as Latvia, Lithuania, Honduras and Uruguay having abolished capital punishment, as relatives and friends of the murdered party usually exact retribution themselves.—*O. H., Bridgnorth.*

Labour and Lords

Lord Strathspey should know that the limelight focussed on Mr. Oswald Mosley and Lady Cynthia is due to Press stunts and not to any special reverence in which the Labour Party holds them. Jack Jones, son of the people, proves as big a draw any time as Earl de la Warr or Lord Parmoor, and it is question-begging to suggest continuing a vicious hereditary system simply because one or two sons of Labour leaders may have basked in the reflected glory of their fathers' achievements.—*C. N., Darlington.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"HUTCHINSON'S MYSTERY STORY MAGAZINE":—"He saw the cruel eyes UNDER the beak-like nose smile derisively."

"BRISTOL EVENING TIMES":—"Deceased had been suffering from the VALUABLE disease of the heart for some time."

"BUFFALO BILL LIBRARY":—"Though the scout did not draw his gun, his MIND was resting easily on it."

"BRISTOL EVENING TIMES":—"He was found NOT guilty, and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment in the second division."

TOWN CRIER MAGAZINE":—"Her hat is made of BLACK beaver, three-cornered in shape, and is DARK BLUE in colour."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"The CLASPED HANDS walked into the river and brought her to the bank."

GOOD OLD ORDINARY

Ready and Reliable

by **W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW**

THE addition of nearly 6,000 new names to the membership roll of the Cyclists' Touring Club last year bears witness to the continued popularity of cycling. It was the club's most successful year since 1908, and the membership is now over 20,000.

The ordinary bicycle to-day is such a commonplace that we are prone to take little notice of it. It is the product of a very old-established industry, and long experience has brought it as nearly as possible to the ideal state which we term perfection.

Differences between the several models and makes are largely differences in details and in materials and methods of construction, and, except to the bicycle enthusiast or expert, there appears to be little to choose between the several machines available.

The ordinary bicycle has rendered and will continue to render yeoman service, both to the individual owner and in the general cause of road travel. Many a young man who buys his first motor-cycle does so because he acquired the "road instinct" with the pedal bicycle which his dad bought him when he was seven or eight.

THE initial cost of a bicycle is very small in comparison with that of a power-driven machine. Moreover, wear, depreciation and running costs are infinitesimal.

The bicycle, in every sense of the word, is an efficient machine. Viewed as an engineering proposition, it is one of the most ingenious combinations of strength with light weight.

Many people who set their minds on possessing a motor vehicle but are unable to afford it are missing much by denying themselves the joys of the "ordinary."

The pedal machine appeals to all ages, and it is never too late to acquire the art of riding.

A good bicycle never gives its owner any trouble. I have before me a letter from an owner of a Raleigh machine. He states that he has ridden that machine twenty-five years, during which he has covered a distance equal to two and a half times the circle of the earth.

The ordinary bicycle is free from taxes and registration formalities.

CYCLING is a health-giving exercise. It does more for the limbs and lungs, perhaps, than most people imagine. The fact that cycle-racing demands considerable stamina goes to prove that riding must be of great benefit to the ordinary rider who does not race.

A humorist tells me that one of the great advantages of the bicycle over the motor is that it can be more easily borrowed and more readily and more willingly lent. I agree, but perhaps these advantages are offset by the fact that the "ordinary" is more easily stolen!

Romance there must be about a machine which enables even a child to execute a balancing feat that would mystify anyone who had never before seen a bicycle.

Romance there is, too, about the thousands of miles of road along which the machine can take us.

An evening ride is a true joy-ride, and the extra hour provided by summer time is a boon to many a jaded worker.

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British Cars run best on British Petrol. "BP" is refined specially to suit British motoring conditions.

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THE BRITISH PETROL

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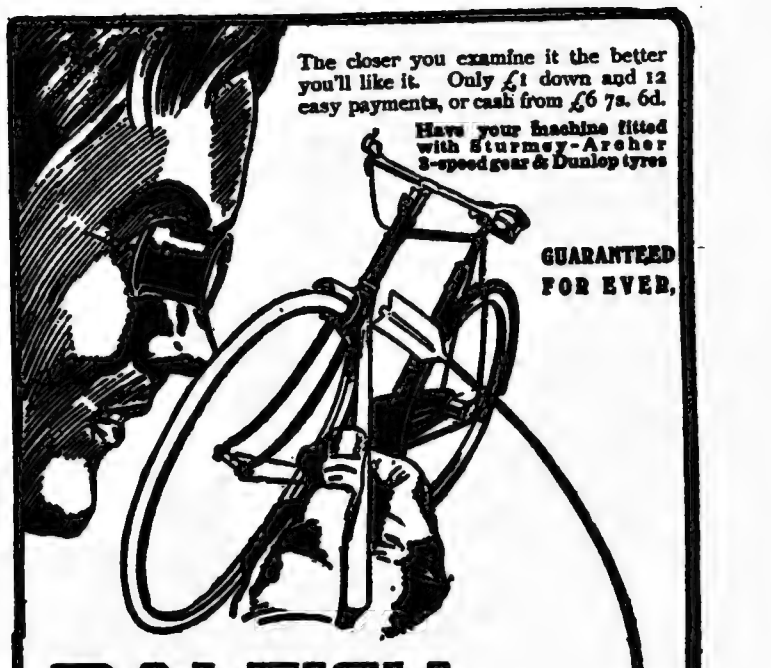

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When you buy a nondescript imported Cycle Cover—carrying no guarantee, you buy a "pig in a poke," and if you work out, when the tyre fails, the *cost per mile*, it will surprise you.

Take no risks—demand British

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—all guaranteed by an Organisation that is proud to stand behind its products and interpret its guarantee in a fair and even generous manner.

You can choose from this range—

	Retail Price Cover	Tube	Guarantee
DUNLOP CORD	13/6	5/6	Effective during the whole period of the life of the tyre.
Reinforced DUNLOP CORD	11/6	4/9	ditto.
WARWICK CORD	9/-	4/-	Guaranteed for 18 months from the date upon which tyres are issued by the Company.
CAMBRIDGE CORD	7/-	3/-	Guaranteed for 12 months from the date upon which tyres are issued by the Company.

(Prices are for wired-on Covers—Beaded Edge 1/6 extra).

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Send to-day for rules:
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My 1, 2, 3 for the Blue Riband

Lex to Beat Colorado—Two Place Long Shots—Faint French Hopes—Follow Merchant's Flag—Royal Ascot's Rich Prizes

I SHALL not have another chance of referring to the Derby except through the code, as next week's JOHN BULL will be on sale too late for many thousands of my readers.

Colorado the Obvious Selection

During the strike I had plenty of time to ask myself the question, "What can beat Colorado?" Every time, via myself, I received the same reply, "On the Guineas' form nothing." There is only one thing, barring accidents, which can prevent Lord Derby from winning his second Blue Riband, and that is the extra half mile to be covered at Epsom.

Plenty of Staying Blood

Last year some Turf critics rejected Manna on account of his breeding—Phalaris—Waffles. Stamina was not acquired from his sire, but the result of the race proved the theory of many experts, that the dam is the important factor. Colorado is also by the miler Phalaris but out of Canyon. He can claim amongst his male ancestors Chaucer, Isinglass and Hampton. Among the dams are Glasalt, Broad Corrie, and Corrie Roy. Altogether, he possesses plenty of staying blood.

Lex Carries My Money

I have mentioned Colorado at length as one is bound to fear him, and I do not wish to put off anyone who has intended all along to back Lord Derby's champion. Personally, I am going to take a chance with Lex. Sir Abe Bailey's horse finished sixth in the 2,000 Guineas, but he did not have any luck in the race.

Michael Beary, who will ride my selection, Lex

Lost a Plate Before the Start

On the way to the post he twisted a plate and it was wrenched off before the start. This alone was a sufficient handicap to put the son of Lemberg out of the race. It did, in fact, do so, but he ran very gamely until he met the hill passing the Bushes. In his recent gallops, several over the full distance, Lex has gone splendidly. He will, of course, be ridden by Michael Beary.

Long Shots

For those who like an each-way long-shot I suggest Lord Astor's Swift and Sure or Finglas, who should start on the 25 to 1 mark, but having studied the race from all angles, I cannot see either of them beating Lex or Colorado. My 1, 2, 3 must read:

LEX
COLORADO
SWIFT AND SURE

Faint French Hopes

I promised you another word about the French horses. Warmist can be ruled out as a Derby proposition, and our Continental cousins are not very sanguine about the chances of Masked Ruler. Mr. Macomber has informed my French correspondent that confidence in the colt has been shaken by his unsatisfactory running in France lately. He may be quite capable of doing well at Epsom, but there is no guarantee that he will give his real form, and for that reason no one likes to trust him even on this rogues' course. Still, he will run and will be backed by the owner on the off-chance.

Cold but Charitable

One of my most interesting letters this week comes from a greaser on a merchant vessel which is ice-bound off Montreal. He hoped to be home in time for the Derby, but owing to the jam there is not an earthly. They are wedged tightly, and the ice stretches for miles. However, my greaser friend is not downhearted, asks for information about Ascot, and encloses a Canadian dollar note for me to back my fancy for the Derby. The Canadian dollar is going on Lex and the proceeds—I write optimistically—will be handed to our "The Greatest of These——" Fund.

Zambo for This Week's Big Race

Before Thomas, Bevin and Co. put a stop to the sport of kings, I tipped Zambo to win the Kempton Park Jubilee. The race was included in one of the fixtures which were abandoned. The Aga Khan's splendid four-year-old takes his chance in this week's big race, the Manchester Cup, and should be backed. I hope he wins as easily as my selection for the event last year, Winalot. Rufus O'Malley is, in my opinion, the danger.

Follow Merchant's Flag

The last time I was down at Newmarket I noticed a smart-looking two-year-old trained by F. Archer and, on enquiry, I was told the youngster was Merchant's Flag, a gelding by Blue Ensign—Anthracite. A good 'un to look at is not always a good 'un to go, but Merchant's Flag moved splendidly. I shall be interested in his career, principally on account of his parentage. I believe I mentioned recently that Lord Glanely paid 14,500 guineas for his sire, Blue Ensign, and the horse was never able to take part in a race. Merchant's Flag, by Blue Ensign, is aptly named.

Royal Ascot's Rich Prizes

Royal Ascot follows close on the heels of Epsom. The meeting is royal in every sense of the word, and the prize-money which goes to the lucky owners who carry off the various cups, vases and stakes is sufficient to make one's mouth water. The list below shows the value of last year's races. Most of them vary a little from year to year, according to the number of entries. Next week I will give some hints for the meeting.

Tuesday.	£	Thursday.	£
Ascot Stakes	1,720	Granville.....	1,200
Trial	1,020	Gold Cup ...	3,540
Coventry	1,875	Rous Memorial	930
Gold Vase.....	1,480	Churchill.....	1,195
Queen Mary ...	3,000	Ribblesdale...	1,015
St. James' ...	4,150	New.....	2,385
Prince of Wales	2,100	All-Aged ...	750
Wednesday.		**Friday.**	
Coronation ...	4,400	Jersey	1,085
Hunt Cup	2,300	Hardwicke ...	2,693
Chesham	1,360	Windsor	1,510
Ascot Derby	2,380	Wokingham...	945
Bessborough...	790	High-Weight	790
Waterford	1,299	Alexandra ...	1,555
Fern Hill ...	...770	King's Stand	910

Pound Wanted

I noticed an amusing story in the *Sporting Life and Sportsman* which is worth recounting. At a recent military meeting a soldier-rider presented himself at the scales in order to be weighed out, and could not draw the exact weight. The Clerk of the Scales called out, as usual in such cases: Pound wanted. The military jockey dashed away and a few minutes later returned with a pound note, which he presented to the official in charge.

The Poor Man's Playground

The rich man eats his caviare,
The poor man laughs and jeers,
For bloaters rare and jellied eels
Fit in with his ideas.
He envies not the millionaire,
But he deplores the waste,
And grieves to think a man so rich
Should have such rotten taste.
For fortune isn't blind at all,
And, wisely, she decrees
That simple folks of simple means
All simple things should please.
Royal Ascot, glorious Goodwood,
Suit coronets and crowns.
But give the poor man Epsom
And the Freedom of the Downs.

More Long-Distance Races

I am glad to see that there is a likelihood of more long-distance races. Sir John Rutherford was the advocate at a recent meeting of the Jockey Club, and he is to bring up the subject again later by way of an amendment to the Rules of Racing. I have pointed out on several occasions that it is absurd to expect breeders to endeavour to breed true stayers when there are so few prizes to be won. You can count our races of two miles and over on your fingers and only three or four of these are over two and a half miles.

Three Mile Events

Our longest race, the Alexandra Stakes, which is run over 2 miles 6 furlongs and 85 yards, takes place at Ascot, and the competitors are usually horses which are good up to a mile and a half. Last year the race went to the French horse Seclin, with another invader, Caprier, third. In 1924, Rose Prince won with Keror second, both French-trained. This is not surprising as there are plenty of races of over three miles in France.

Ptolemy for Sandown.

My French correspondent has sent me another interesting piece of information. Capt. J. D. Cohn has been good enough to tell him that Ptolemy II. will be sent across to contest the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park. By virtue of recent victories in France, Ptolemy will be top-weight, having earned maximum penalty; but in spite of that the owner fancies the horse a good deal as he has improved greatly since his Epsom fiasco last year, when he was guarded by a squad of detectives, and is expected to be even better by the date of the race.

Legatee to Leg It

In France, they are now forced to admit that the crop of three-year-olds with Classic engagements is not up to standard, and for that reason more than the usual interest was taken in the decision to send Legatee over to contest the Grand Prix de Paris next month. Our invader has quite a good chance, and is well worth backing each way.

"SILVER RING."

The most up-to-date and well-informed
Sporting Newspaper
-is-
The Sporting Life & Sportsman
On Sale Everywhere.
2d. *Daily.*

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—
Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

F 2 H Y E M B J Z D X 3 G Q

A L R U N W C K P I O T S V

How to read the code: in place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the lines as the case may be.

NWCFHSX would read EMBARGO.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, May 26, to Tuesday, June 1.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO!

DAVID COPE

AND

ALFRED H. MAURICE

25, North Albion Street, Glasgow, C.1

BEST PRICES ON FUTURES

SEND YOUR COMMISSIONS FOR

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AND RELY ON OUR USUAL GENEROUS TREATMENT.

Letter commissions accepted from 1/- upwards to any amount in accordance with our rules. All postages paid. NO LIMIT. DAILY SETTLEMENTS. WINNINGS BY RETURN. SYSTEMS—WEEKLY ACCOUNTS.

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ESTABLISHED 29 YEARS.

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Your Winnings, if over £5, telegraphed at our expense.

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The Celebrated "Generous" Odds.

THE TOTALISATOR

Established May, 1920

YOU CANNOT GET AWAY FROM FACTS, AND TO KNOW A FEW IS USEFUL.

FACT. The "Tote" is run on business lines by business people.

FACT. The "Tote" caters for all on terms that cannot be excelled.

FACT. The "Tote" conducts Pools on Pari-Mutuel System on all races.

FACT. The "Tote" guarantees a minimum of Starting Price on these Pools.

FACT. The "Tote" has averaged yearly 40 per cent. over Starting Price.

FACT. The "Tote" Publishes returns of Pools daily in "The Sporting Life and Sportsman" and "Sporting Chronicle."

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DERBY & OAKS

Fourth Pools, Singles and the Double Event close Monday, May 31.

THE TOTALISATOR

St. Andrew Sq., EDINBURGH

TO MARRIED WOMEN.

It is not safe to neglect any unusual symptoms which cause uneasiness or anxiety, or to treat such matters lightly. By far the wisest plan is to consult a doctor or to apply for a free consultation at the Out-patients' Department of the nearest hospital.

Those in doubt or difficulty may, if they prefer, apply in confidence to the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Incorporated, Dept. P, Carteret Street, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address on Mon., Wed. and Fri. from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tues. and Thurs. from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Six useful booklets for Parents, 1/5 the Set. Four useful booklets for Girls, 9d. the Set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1/4 the Set, all post free, in plain cover.

2/- NOW and THE BIKE IS YOURS

I OFFER to readers of "John Bull" first-class Coventry built cycles at **POUNDS BELOW** last year's prices.
Absolutely **GENUINE REDUCTIONS** have been made in thousands of brand new, fully guaranteed 1926 Models, any of which I will send on **14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID,** on receipt of small deposit only.
Testimonials from everywhere in Great Britain. Satisfaction or money refunded.
MY FREE LISTS will convince you, so write **NOW** for a copy and **CHOOSE YOUR CYCLE FROM THE LARGEST SELECTION IN THE WORLD.**

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DEPT. 9 **COVENTRY.**

For INDIGESTION in both STOMACH & BOWEL

Take CICFA

Because CICFA Supplies the Natural Digestive Ferments

THOUSANDS say "I never feel 'fit'"; thousands more say, "I am always in distress or pain. I have a feeling of fullness and pain at the pit of the Stomach; a burning pain between the Shoulder Blades; I have pain soon after eating, or pain two hours after eating; and with all these pains I have distress, misery, and weakness which is often worse than pain."

Yet all these pains and misery are due to the same cause as lack of fitness—that is, to INDIGESTION in Stomach and Bowel.

Those who are unfit, and those who suffer from pain and distress, must know that digestion occurs in the Stomach and also in the Bowel. Digestion begins in the mouth through the effect of the saliva upon the food, is continued on the Albuminous food in the Stomach by the Digestive Ferments, and completed in the Bowel by the action of further Digestive Ferments.

WITHOUT THESE FERMENTS DIGESTION COULD NOT OCCUR.

When these Ferments are insufficient, the Digestive Process slackens in the Stomach and Indigestion promptly begins and upsets all Digestion lower down the Bowel.

Purgatives do not aid Digestion, but only expel the Bowel contents, including the nourishment. CICFA both adds to and stimulates the natural Digestive Ferments, and so restores Digestion. Thus the Albuminous food is digested in the Stomach, and the nourishment extracted and absorbed into the blood. The remaining food, which is chiefly Starchy, passes through the lower end of the Stomach into the Bowel, where its acidity is neutralised; its digestion continues as the Digestive Ferments act upon it, and its nourishment is absorbed into the blood as it moves slowly downwards. The Bile Circulation is corrected, fermentation gradually ceases, "starch balls," acrid acids, and other impurities are no longer formed in the Bowel, and Flatulence decreases. The blood thus grows richer and purer, nourishing the tissues and nerve centres, and producing a feeling of perfect fitness throughout the body,

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.	INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS	GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.	In Stomach	In Bowel
ACID in STOMACH with HEARTBURN.		Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
TONGUE coated white all over.		ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.		TONGUE coated yellow at back.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.		COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.		EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
		PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

16, Elm Road,
Walthamstow, E.17.

"Dear Sirs,

After suffering for many months from Indigestion, with Heartburn and frequent pain, and having derived no benefit from any treatment, I took a friend's advice and bought a tube of Cicfa. I was delighted to find in a few days that all signs of my Indigestion had vanished, and I have had no recurrence since. Cicfa evidently suited my case.

Yours truly,
(Signed) V. J. B. CHOLES."

Travelling, visiting or eating away from home causes Constipation. That is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion. Cicfa restores Digestion.

19,108 BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up CICFA, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families, and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa you can purchase it and begin using it at once.

Sold Everywhere. Prices 1/3 and 3/-.

The CICFA CO., 8, Duke Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1.

JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

THE activities of JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service are extraordinary. Questions on every topic are asked and are answered by the staff of experts. Never fear to follow the advice given. Thousands are grateful that they approached the Service when confronted with difficulty.

* * *

J. T. (Deal).—"Dempsey will fight Wills next." A black look-out for Jack.

Mrs. T. (Stoke).—"What is the best way to acquire a good carriage?" Buy one.

T. J. C. (Purley).—"I wrote a play when I was twelve years old." A minor offence.

T. R. (Forest Hill).—"The elocution of some clergymen is not good." Still, the Canons boom.

L. G. (Caterham).—"Who is the best friend a boy can have?" Mum's the word.

J. J. (Ely).—"It's doubtful who will win the first Test Match." And it's a toss-up who will bat first.

C. H. (Redditch).—"I know the A B C of life." You've a long way to go before getting a Y Z.

B. E. (Chatham).—"Women have remarkable powers of deduction." Some deduct a year every birthday.

G. N. (Chalk Farm).—"I saw a girl on a railway platform wearing one black and one white stocking." Odd!

H. T. (London, W.).—"I am a manequin and want a change of occupation." As a change from your occupation of change.

A. W. (Marlborough).—"Men are behind the times as regards clothes." Nonsense! Many a man is wearing his next year's Spring suit this Spring.

C. F. (Dorset).—"There are no sparks without fire." You have evidently never owned an automatic cigarette-lighter.

A. L. (London, S.W.).—"It's a wonder to me that some pictures in our galleries are hung at all." Perhaps they couldn't catch the artists.

J. B. (Troon).—"How many husbands are there in this country?" Exactly 50 per cent. of the married population.

I. B. (Christchurch).—"I found a half-inch nail in a grapefruit I was eating at a London restaurant." Doctors always did say this fruit was full of iron.

Mrs. F. (Upper Tooting).—"Thrashing never makes the slightest impression on my son." Possibly he refuses to notice what goes on behind his back.

A. L. (Liverpool).—"People often confuse liberty with licence." But they soon learn their mistake when it's a marriage licence.

Miss G. (Manchester).—"I say there's always work in this sad world for a Miss with a mission." If it's only looking out for a Man with a mansion.

S. G. (Southwark).—"During a recent strike disturbance, I saw a sooty-faced chimney-cleaner among those who were played on with a fire-hose." And did it make a clean sweep of him?

CHARLES (Lambeth).—"I wish I was your Editor." We regret we cannot return the compliment.

PLUS-FOURS (Letchworth).—"I hope when I die that spirits play golf." Bogey, Bogey!

ELSIE (Bursiem).—"I am wedded to my garden." Beware of weeds, or you will be widowed to it.

T. E. (Cuffley).—"I often sit under the village chestnut tree." So you are a revue producer!

J. B. (Hampstead).—"I hope to make a name for myself." You've got the right initials!

J. W. (Brentford).—"To settle a dispute, is Kiwi a Russian word?" No, it's polish.

M. P. (Burnley).—"Mere push will open any door." But only after you've shown ability to secure the key.

M. H. Y. (Boston).—"No woman ever succeeded in making a fool of me." Who did then?

L. P. (Ingleton).—"I should like to have M.P. at the end of my name." You ought to have been born a shrimp.

Miss F. (Kew).—"I refused an offer of marriage because the man was poor, but he afterwards managed to become rich." Probably that was why.

N. L. (Leicester).—"She says she will show me her powers as a palmist but not as a mind reader." Naturally; she can see your hand.

I. L. (Liversedge).—"If you want a long life you mustn't mind walking." And if you want a short one you needn't mind where you walk.

M. H. T. (Leeds).—"Have you ever heard the story of the Scotsman, the Irishman and the Jew?" Only about 1,700,346 times.

J. L. (Swansea).—"In Holland trains are often held up by a dam break." That's how we feel when trains are held up in this country.

B. C. (Wanstead).—"I have choice of two engagements and don't know how to act." Why worry? They'll soon tell you.

J. R. (Wolverhampton).—"The strike will mean I shall have to line up for the dole again." Send a line up to *Bullets* instead—there's a £500 dole to be won this week.

Mrs. O. (Pontefract).—"My neighbour is a conceited piece who sticks her nose in the air because I'm not her equal." What nonsense. Of course you're her equal.

NELLIE (St. Albans).—"Mum doesn't like the boy's past and dad says he has no future, so what ought I to do?" It all depends on what he brings you as a present.

W. N. F. (Tufnell Park).—"Though you rejected my previous contribution, I'm going to send you my poem on the General Strike." No, you really mustn't—didn't Mr. Baldwin say there were to be no reprisals?

Suspicious Punter: "*Hi, where are you off to?*"
Absconding Bookie: "*Only to pay me tax in, guv'nor!*"

One of the 22 funny joke drawings in this week's issue of "The Passing Show," 36 pages for 2d.

CORA (Streatham).—"He kissed me right under the nose of my father." And under yours?

V. M. (Deal).—"I boast of having a very open mind." So that's how so many silly ideas get into it.

B. B. (Birkenhead).—"Jazz seems to be dying." It certainly sounds in mortal agony.

F. J. (Portsmouth).—"A stitch in time saves nine." To say nothing of a lot of embarrassment.

T. H. (Caterham).—"Houses are a crying need." So are handkerchiefs.

F. J. (Blackheath).—"Is the captain of the Australian team a bachelor?" Yes. He is called Lucky Collins.

M. T. (Peckham).—"I will sell you the information for a fiver." We're sorry to contradict you.

BRUNETTE (Willesden).—"Can you recommend something for the hair?" Peroxide gives fair results.

T. B. E. (Epsom).—"How can you tell an American?" Wait until he pauses for breath.

F. M. (Montrose).—"Careful nursing will cure almost anything." But not a grievance.

F. G. (Cranleigh).—"I am ahead of the times." We suppose you're just thinking about your winter holiday.

Mrs. H. (Settle).—"All married people should practise economy." They do when it's anything the other partner wants to buy.

Miss G. (Barnsley).—"It's a funny thing so few milkmen are married." Not at all; they see so many women first thing in the morning.

M. N. (Corbridge).—"Members of the aristocracy are always writing their memoirs." True, blood always tells.

B. T. (Finsbury Park).—"The street in which I live is being widened." You will have a longer walk home from the club.

F. R. (Povey Cross).—"I do my cross-word puzzles in next to no time." That's what we should judge by the results.

JENNIE (Richmond).—"All this smoking on the Underground makes me positively ill." Then give up smoking, Jennie.

LAURENCE (Sittingbourne).—"Why do people always say 'A penny for your thoughts'?" All people don't. Over a million willingly give us twopence.

PERCY (Aldershot).—"I never do anything I'm not willing to have the world see." Percy! Are you brazen, or do you never take a bath?

S. P. (Manchester).—"I must admit that the Bolton Wanderers are good sports." And they have winning ways.

M. L. (Battersea).—"I know what I am writing about." Perhaps you do. But why keep it to yourself?

B. T. (Petersham).—"I don't like singing in front of the public." Why not? Doesn't anybody ever ask you to come in and have one?

A. L. (Brixton).—"During the strike my open-air audience never failed even when it rained." You shared your umbrella with him we judge.

G. M. (Penge).—"When he appeared in plus-fours she wouldn't have anything to do with him." So she turned a deaf ear to his suit.

P. D. (Prittlewell).—"I may be old-fashioned, but I don't like the way girls dress, anyhow." We don't like to see them dressed anyhow, either.

P. N. V. (Braddon).—"Generally speaking, girls have as good educational advantages as boys." Both smoke the cigarettes which include the informative card.

Mrs. G. (Nelson).—"The best of strikes is they teach folks to live within their incomes." And the worst, the number they leave to live without their incomes.

J. R. (Tiverton).—"I call my fountain-pen 'the striker,' because it sometimes ceases to work." Curiously, we had one we called "the non-striker," because it could never be induced to stop running.

"UNIONIST" (Bristol).—"Is there any national trouble that our present Prime Minister can't be trusted to settle?" Well, he hasn't tried his hand on the weather yet.

G. S. (Dumfries).—"The more inferior animals can always go for long periods without food." Is that why wives neglect their husbands at spring cleaning time?

J. D. C. (Clapham).—"Some of the trade union leaders, I see, still deny that the great hold-up was a failure." Anyway, they can hardly claim it as a striking success.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES. With or without Cork Tips

Light it — and — like it!

PLAYER'S

10 *for* **6D**

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Medium Strength

20 *for* **11½D**

P7298a

GIRLS IN THEIR 'TEENS.

Often in Danger of Anæmia.

Perhaps you have already noticed that your daughter in her "'teens" has developed a fitful temper, is restless and excitable, and often in need of gentle reproof. In that case, remember that the march of years is leading her on to womanhood, and at this time a great responsibility rests upon you as a parent.

If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness and depression, feels tired out after a little exertion, if she tells you of headache or backache, she needs help, for she is most probably anæmic—that is, bloodless.

Should you notice any of these disturbing signs, lose no time, but procure for her Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills enrich the impoverished blood of girls and women, and by doing so they repair waste and prevent disease. They give to sickly, drooping girls health, brightness, and charm, with colour in the cheeks, sparkling eyes, a light step, and high spirits.

So let Dr. Williams' pink pills help your anæmic daughter to health. Of all chemists, 3s. od. per box.

FREE. No girl should miss reading the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

FOR BEST SNAPSHOTS
Send us Your Developing

and USE ONLY
"KODAK" FILM
The Dependable Film in the Yellow Carton
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The WORLD'S BEST CAR for YOUR Baby

SENT ON APPROVAL packed free & carr. pd.
1/9 Weekly.
Special Model on Cushion Tyred Wheels 2/- Weekly. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send to-day for Free illustrated Catalogue.
LEITCH (Dept. B.1) 382-384, Stretford Road, MANCHESTER.

LESS THAN 3d. A DAY!

Thousands of "John Bull" readers will spend Whitsun on the Celebrated

GAMAGES 'POPULAR' ROADSTER BICYCLE
Swift and Silent Running, fitted with famous Holborn Cord Tyres
CASH £4 : 5s.
EASY TERMS—7/- Down for Delivery Now. Balance 7/- Monthly for 12 Months.
List, Photographs, Easy Terms Order Form, and full particulars post free per return.
GAMAGES, HOLBORN, LONDON.
Also BENNETTS, Cheapside.
7/- DOWN
DO IT NOW
Mention "John Bull."

TRAGIC "WRECKS"

The Sadness of Unanswerable S.O.S. Signals

WHEN the tragic S.O.S. signal of distress is received from a sinking ship those on sea and land will lay aside every other consideration in the effort to carry succour to those who are perishing, and it is difficult to imagine anything more agonising than to know fellow-creatures are sinking and yet to be unable to save them for lack of means.

That is a situation with which we are faced week by week in the administration of "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

Here are a few of the tragic might-have-beens which we would willingly have helped if we had had the resources.

A man with a wife and two little boys. Military service from the outbreak of war to Armistice Day, but no pension. Unemployed for many months, but no "dole." Worn out boots walking miles looking for farm work, without success. Rent in arrears, fearing eviction.

A man with wife and three young children. Ex-Service, but no pension. Unemployed, but no "dole." Sold or pawned all household goods and most of clothing to provide food. Only suit left so threadbare that it prejudices hopes of obtaining employment. Children so ragged they can scarcely go decently to school.

A WOMAN approaching middle-age, invalid for many years. Entirely depending upon aged father and mother. Requires special nourishment, but total income of household, the old man's earnings of a little over £1 a week.

A middle-aged man, helpless bedridden invalid. Unable to walk for many years as a result of accident at his employment before the days of the Workmen's Compensation Act. Sole income a small amount of parish relief. Living with relatives in extremely poor circumstances.

We could multiply such cases almost indefinitely. Our purpose in publishing particulars of them is to indicate the innumerable opportunities we have of answering these distress signals if our readers will provide us with the means to do so.

Every penny contributed to the fund is expended in relief.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Ark (Islington), 1s. 6d.; Robert (Haslemere), 5s.; H. Trinder, 10s.; Mrs. R. Bushnell, 3s.; A. M. Ashwin, 13s.; Forest-Rider (Epping), 3s.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; For Luck (A Ninth on the Ninth), 11s. 1d.; Jumping Joshua, 2s.; On the 9th, 3d.; E. Rayner, 9d.; Troubles, 10s.; Anon., 1s.; "Thankful" (Paignton), 2s. 6d.; A. H. Brimsby, 1s. 3d.; Still Hoping, 3s.; A. H. Evans (Hull), 10s.; 888, 6d.; Three Threes, 10s.; From Two Sisters, 7s.; M. C., "A Ninth on the Ninth," 3s. 1½d.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; G. T. W. (Hornsey), 1s. 6d.; J. N. Stephen (Montrose), 1s.; Mrs. L. B. May (Brighton), 3s. 6d.; M. Devaney, 2s. 6d.; From a Reader (Thaxted), 1s.; C. J. S., 2s. 6d.; E. M. Beckitt, 2s.; "O. S.," 6d.; "Grateful Heart," 2s. 3d.; John Flyn, "In Memory of Michael," 2s. 7d.; "In Memoriam" (Leeds), 10s.; A. D., 10s.; H. E. M., 1s.; J. T. Mann, £1; A. (Lanswade), 1s.; Mrs. Stock (Rochdale), 6d.; Kirk (Lanswade), 1s.; Mrs. Spence, 12s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Miss N. E. Blyth, 2s. 6d.; E. Ruffey, 6d.; G. Ruston, 6d.; Darby and Joan, 2s. 6d.; Cymro-Waun, £1; Anon., 6d.; Cornwall, 5s.; H. & M. T. P., 2s.; Weekly Pennies, 2s. 6d.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; D., "My Ninth," 6d.; Nobo, 6d.; L. & Bulwell, 5s. (and pared of Bethel), 3s.; E. H., 2s. 6d.; E. C. Sims, 2s. 6d.; Wm. Cottage (Braintree), 6d.; A. Thom (Aberdeen), 1s.; Ebby (Milford Haven), 2s.; A Ninth, 1s. 10d.; H. W. Cook (Bath), 6d.; P. O. R., 6d.; C. Andrews, (S.W.8), 6d.; Try and Hope, 6d.; A Competitor, 1s.; "Bulletin," 3d.; J. D. Butler, 6d.; Anon., 6d.; Target, 1s.; Target 594, 1s.; E. Bear (Boxted), 2s.; J. A. Bourlet, 10s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Headache and Stomach Trouble

"My letter was sent in grateful recognition of the benefits received by taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets, so that any other sufferer may be spared."—*Vide signed statement.*

Mr. W. F. Legg, of 5, Ballot Street, Smethwick, writes: For four years I suffered from nervous breakdown. I was troubled with acute pains in the head for hours at a time, and these left me in such a helpless and exhausted state that I was unable to follow my employment. Medicine did me no good until I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. This was a red letter day for me, for whilst I was taking the first box the attacks became less frequent, and by the time I had taken three boxes they ceased altogether. Now—two years afterwards—I am perfectly well, and the attacks have never returned.

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for
Nervous Breakdown
Kidney Weakness
Children's Weakness
Neuritis — Anæmia
Indigestion — Palpitation
Sleeplessness — Headache
Neurasthenia — Wasting
Nerve Pains
Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3 Family Size, 3/-
Sold only in sealed packages at all Chemists and Stores.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

WHAT IS IT YOU WANT— ANY OF THESE THINGS?

By the Advertisement Manager of "John Bull."

BELOW is a list of articles in constant demand by JOHN BULL readers. You will find them fully described in the advertisement pages a study of which will well repay the Bargain Hunter.

BABY CARS.	KNIFE CLEANERS.
CORSETS.	MACKINTOSHES.
CUTLERY.	MOTOR CYCLES.
CYCLES.	RAZOR BLADES.
FLOOR COVERING.	SUITS.
FOOTWEAR.	TENNIS RACKETS.
FURNITURE.	WATCHES.
GRAMOPHONES.	WIRELESS SETS.

Do not hesitate to send because the firm may be unknown to you. Every offer is guaranteed.

This Stylish Mackintosh in proofed Artificial Silk FOR 3/- WITH ORDER

This Ladies' Artificial Silk Mac. is the smartest lightweight waterproof obtainable. The material has a beautiful shot silk effect, is light in weight, thoroughly waterproof, and ideally comfortable in wear.
Garment is made in single breasted Raglan style, with narrow belt all round, is proofed inside with pure rubber, all seams being strapped. Pockets are roomy and collar can be worn up or down. The price of 21/- is amazingly low, as elsewhere this splendid Mackintosh would cost 30/- or more. So confident am I of the simply wonderful value, that I will send you this Mac. on "home approval" for a deposit of 3/- only. Balance may be paid by weekly instalments, if you prefer.
Do not miss this astonishing bargain—send the Coupon now in time for Whitsun.

SIZES: (Lengths) 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches.
SHADES: Bronze shot Green; Parma Violet shot Green; Rose shot Green; Opal shot Gold
MY PRICE **21/-**

COUPON For Home Approval with option of payment by instalments.

Please send me on approval Art Silk Mackintosh No. SR1 at present bargain price of 21/-.

Length.....

Colour.....

I enclose 3/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 2/3 or more. If not satisfied, and I return the Mackintosh unworn at once, you will refund my deposit.
Enclose coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed thus / /.
Post order to:—
JOHN BULL, 29/5/26. No. 709.

Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., 709, Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

Back to "Bullets"!

"BACK to Work" is the order of the day, and "Back to *Bullets*" is now the motto of every competitor whose hobby has been laid aside during the past weeks of national emergency.

From scores of letters received it is clear that regular competitors have sadly missed the weekly opportunity of winning big cash prizes which *Bullets* has offered uninterruptedly for the past twelve years.

For many competitors, *Bullets* has become a habit—a habit that it would need more than a general strike to break. But a few days without *Bullets* may prove a blessing in disguise, for now competitors will be able to resume their favourite pastime with a fresher outlook and a store of new ideas born of recent events.

£500 is the substantial sum to be won by some competitor in the *Bullets* contest closing in a few days' time. There are the *Examples* in the adjoining column—only waiting to be made into *Bullets* that may bring you any of the many prizes in the list this week. A few minutes of your week-end holiday spent on *Bullets* may mean £500 for you.

Our £2,000 Offer.

That the recent dislocation in almost every branch of journalism should have checked the smooth running of the *Bullets* machine was inevitable. Now, however, conditions are normal again and the adjudication of our recent £2,000 Offer (*Bullets* No. 600) is proceeding as usual. The result will appear in our issue published Wednesday, June 9, but before then we shall be announcing details of an even more remarkable offer than *Bullets* No. 600. Watch this page for some sensational news!

A Lady's First.

The news of a First Prize win in *Bullets* is a shock to which every competitor is liable. The young lady who received it last week, however, is in no need of sympathy, for she tells us that after a lot of worry and trouble in her home, this *Bullets* £300 will put things right.

"I am delighted to hear of my success," writes this fifth feminine First Prize-winner of the year, Miss M. C. Davidson, of 32, Thorpe Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. "I have competed occasionally for years and this £300 *Bullet*—MODERN EDUCATION—'ELEVATOR' THAT 'STOIS HALF-WAY'—is my first printed win. My previous prizes have been several 'Targets' and one 5s. award; I thought the next stage might be a small printed win, but it is rather a shock to get a First Prize."

If you would like to experience the greater shock of winning £500, your opportunity comes in the current contest.

For New Competitors.

To have won £10 with her first *Bullet* is another lady competitor's success which we have to record this week. It is Mrs. J. Worledge, of 16, Romany Road, Norwich, who has set this excellent example to other new competitors which, to use her own words, "gives the lie direct to those who imagine that you have to compete a long time before winning."

Making a winning *Bullet* is within the power of every reader of JOHN BULL—if he or she will but try. Careful study of winning efforts is all the guidance the new competitor needs, and *Bullets* publishes as many winning efforts as all other contests combined. For that reason and because so many cash prizes are offered in every contest the new competitor will find in *Bullets* a weekly source of amusement with a real opportunity of substantial profit.

Bullets prizes exceeding £500,000 in value have already been awarded, and many more will be offered in the coming weeks. If you have not already competed, do not miss one for want of trying!

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 601.

THE BETTING TAX
FAMILY MAN
A PRETTY PENNY
THE MINERS
TO OUR SURPRISE
FOR GOOD
A BIT ON
MY VIEW
HEARD AT THE THEATRE
THE LADIES
IN A FEW YEARS
ALIVE AND KICKING
PARIS MODEL
THE RIGHT STAMP
MISSING
NEVER FORGIVEN
SHOWED SHE WAS CLEVER
AS BEFORE
SAID TO THE MOTORIST
WRITING HOME
TAKING HIS MEASURE
HER BIRTHDAY
NOT HEARD NOW
HAPPILY
WHAT THE TYPIST SAID
A MOUTHFUL
FREE OF CHARGE
A TERROR
SEEN IN THE COUNTRY
FOR ME
WEAK AND STRONG
WHAT IS BEAUTY?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 601 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR WORDS having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—BRITANNIA *Bullet*:—LOOKING OVERSEAS—OVERLOOKING LAND
Example:—WITHOUT A WORD *Bullet*:—AS MISERABLE AS "WORDS."
Example:—IDEAL HOME *Bullet*:—EVERYTHING NEW—EXCEPT WOMAN

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets," No. 601, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 3.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(601) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday June 3.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(601) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 3.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(601) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 3.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(601) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 599 can now be seen in the window of Miss E. Hanna, Westgate Road, Arthur's Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

£2,000 offre The result of "Bullets" No. 600 will appear in "JOHN BULL" published June 9th.

Is Catarrh Poisoning YOU?

New Man in 30 Days.
After 2½ Years' Catarrh.

MR. W. E. HARROW.

Mr. Walter E. Harrow, 33, White Friars Street, Coventry, writes:—"I am completely cured and never felt better in my life. After suffering 2½ years from Catarrh you have in 30 days made me a new man. You have stopped my colds, restored my taste, smell and hearing, abolished the throat trouble, and that tired feeling. You have made me altogether fit. I have received such wonderful benefit from the 'Shirley System' that I am more than satisfied."—April 26th, 1926.

Read How These Men and Women Cured This Deadly Complaint (commonly known as Chronic Cold in the Head) and then

TEST MY SYSTEM ON 10 DAYS' TRIAL

14 Years' Catarrh, Deafness and Head Noises all Quite Cured.

MRS M. O'CONNOR.

Miss Mary O'Connor, 7, Rockingham Street, Liverpool, writes:—"I suffered agony from Catarrh for 14 years, and was 12 years Deaf. Taste, smell, and sight were affected. I was a victim to head-noises—just a nervous, bad tempered wreck, and a nuisance to all. Life was not worth living. Thanks to you, I am a new girl. No Catarrh, no Deafness, no Nerves, no Headaches, no Head Noises, no Tired Feeling. I am quite cured."—April 2nd, 1926.

Thousands being Poisoned by Catarrh!

'Shirley System' Restores Speech After 16½ Months' Silence.

MR. JNO. DELL.

Mr. Jno. Dell, 2, South View, Bishops Tawton, Barnstaple, writes:—"Nearly 17 months I suffered from Catarrh and complete loss of voice. Falling phlegm, cough, headaches, and pains over eyes made me miserable. The 'Shirley System' relieved the first day. On the seventh my voice came back. On the eighth it was normal, although I had not been able to speak for 16½ months! I am completely cured. A new man! The 'Shirley System' is a most wonderful invention."—April 26th, 1926.

You need not continue to suffer from this Blood-and-Body-Poisoning complaint, and its serious consequences any longer. To-day, a proved remedy, that has cured thousands, is offered "on trial" to every sufferer.

Even in cases where every other treatment has failed, my "Shirley System" has brought about a complete cure. Read and judge for yourself from the successful "experiences" of others. This most successful treatment clears every trace and symptom of Deadly Catarrh out of the system. It also stops the formation and accumulation of the poisonous catarrhal mucus. It soothes and strengthens the too sensitive membranous lining of the throat, nasal and other air passages.

"Better in Every Way."—After 6 Years' Deafness and Head Noises!

MR. BROOKSBANK.

Mr. R. Brooksbank, North Warnborough, near Odiham, Hants, writes:—"Since 1915 I suffered from Chronic Catarrh. For 6 years I was deaf, with constant ringing noises in the head. My condition was 'almost unbearable.' At once, after starting the 'Shirley System,' there was a marvellous improvement. I can now breathe freely, am thoroughly fit and better in every way than I have been for years. After this I shall broadcast the results of your wonderful treatment."—March 26th, 1926.

Beware of these Dangerous Symptoms.

2 Years' Influenzal Catarrh Deafness and Headaches Cured.

MR. B. PRITCHARD.

Mr. Bernard Pritchard, 21, Edward Street, Treharris, Glam., writes:—"Following Influenza, I contracted Chronic Catarrh, Deafness, and Head Noises. Breathing was difficult, smell was destroyed, and throat and nose were in a bad state. I was in agony for 2 years. Now all the afflictions have permanently disappeared. I feel as though I am in a new world. It is all due to the 'Shirley System.' My friends are even more pleased than I am."—April 6th, 1926.

—If phlegm drops into the back of your Throat,
—If you have a tendency to catch Colds easily,
—If there is a feeling of dryness in your Throat,
—If you have to clear the Throat frequently,
—If your Nose is stopped up or "stuffy,"
—If you feel tired on rising,
—If your voice is husky,
—If there is pain between or over the eyes,
—If you sneeze frequently,
—If a change in the weather affects you,
—If you suffer from frontal headaches,
—If you suffer from shortness of breath,
—If your sense of smell is affected,
—If you suffer from strange "head noises,"
—If there is a sense of fulness or pressure in your head.

Deafness and Head Noises Completely Cured in One Month.

MR. J. COCKING.

Mr. J. Cocking, 46, Chapel Yard, South Auston, near Sheffield, writes:—"For several years I was Deaf. I suffered very much. Head noises and giddiness accompanied the trouble. I tried lots of other remedies. They all failed. I thought no cure could be found. The 'Shirley Treatment' completely restored my hearing in a month. I can now hear well and am naturally greatly satisfied."—March 26th, 1926.

TEST My Method on 10 Days' Trial.

Doctors now realise that Catarrh is dangerous. It not only causes much suffering and distress, but it has a high rate of mortality, because the slimy and poisonous mucus flows downwards (especially during sleep) into the stomach, intestines, and other organs, causing Malnutrition, Debility and a Catarrhal condition of the whole inner man that lowers resisting power to disease, and leads to such deadly ailments as Gastric Catarrh, Intestinal Catarrh, and even Consumption itself.

If you are in the Grip of Catarrh, don't delay, but write to me to-day, and learn how speedily the "Shirley System" will save you from the miseries and risks of Catarrh in all its forms, including Catarrhal Deafness and Gastric Catarrh.

It will bring you relief from the very first. The stuffed-up passages get clear, easy nasal breathing follows, head noises disappear. Headaches, too, become things of the past, and your whole system is completely cleared of the slimy and poisonous mucus. It will lift the Crushing Burden of Catarrh from your shoulders like magic.

No matter how often you have been disappointed before, or how long you have suffered, don't despair until you have tried the wonderful "Shirley System."

10 DAYS' TRIAL OF THE "SHIRLEY SYSTEM."

This treatment has proved so remarkably successful even in the worst forms of Chronic Catarrh, Deafness, Head Noises, etc., that I will gladly send it on 10 days' trial to any sufferer on the distinct understanding that if no benefit is derived no expense of any kind will be incurred. Simply fill in your name and address on the Special Coupon opposite and post immediately to me. The most important point in your own interest is to **act at once and send the Coupon NOW.**

COUPON.

To Mr. ELMER SHIRLEY,
52, Gray's Inn Road (C.993), London, W.C.1.

Dear Sir,—Please send me at once full particulars so that I can avail myself of 10 Days' Trial of the Shirley System, as per your JOHN BULL Special Offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

(Personal consultations by appointment 3 to 4 o'clock daily, except Saturdays.)

(Sanalak Ltd.)

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post Free all over the World, 13s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., 14, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C.4, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver. For America: American News Co., Ltd. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshops, at 70, Marche-aux-Herbes, Bruxelles, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.